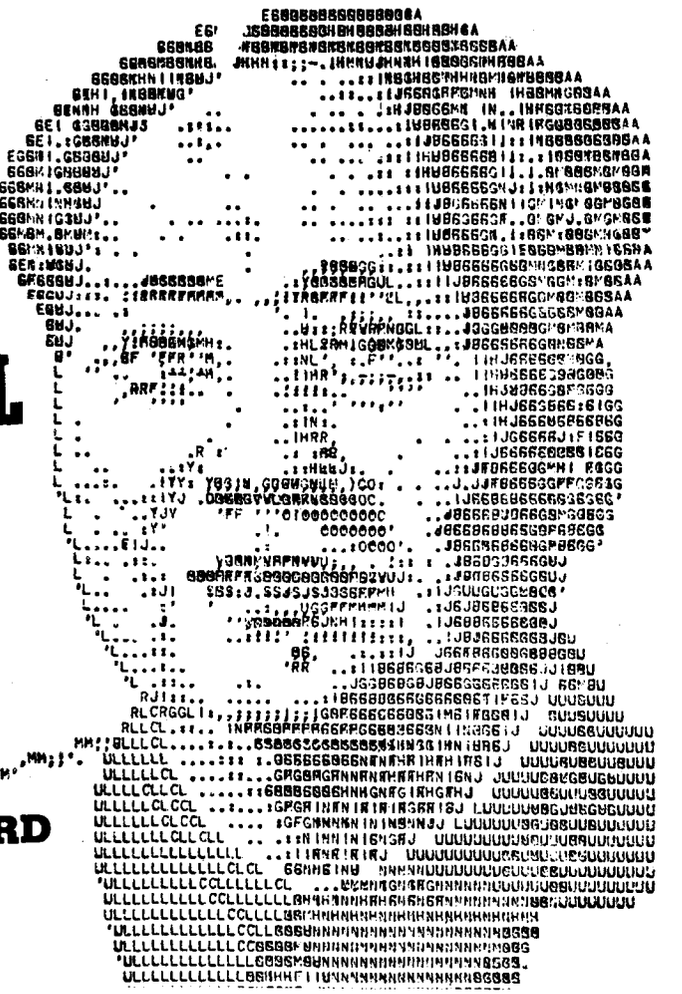
Vol. CI No. 8 November 29, 1974 50 cents

# commonweal



# THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION:

# THE VIEW FROM PEKING

**NICHOLAS R. CLIFFORD**

**HENRY TEN KORTENAAR** THE SYNOD SAYS NO
**FRANK GETLEIN** DOWNSTREAM FROM WATERGATE
**MICHAEL NOVAK** SHOULD WOMEN BE PRIESTS?
**MICHAEL MURRAY** WILBUR MILLS AND LENNY BRUCE
**COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.** MALLE DE MOVIE
**VICTOR FERKISS** BERGER'S DEN
**CLAIRE HAHN** JACOBSEN & SWE
**JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN** LORE
**MICHAEL F. McCAULEY** CHARI

A-24003 12-75
ST CHARLES SEM LIB
CARTHAGENA STA
CELINA OH 45822

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# NEWS & VIEWS

### A Typical Parish?

One parish does not make a Church, so one must be cautious about reading too much into a profile emerging from St. Benedict's parish in Hazlet, N.J. St. Benedict's may be far from being the typical American parish. But then again it is a part of the whole, and as such may be clue to the evolution taking place in American Catholic thought and practice.

St. Benedict's is a suburban parish in a northern New Jersey coastal community. It has an enrollment of 2,000 families, who were surveyed in conjunction with a self-study program aimed at seeing "where the parish is at." About a quarter of the parishioners responded, 42 percent of whom were males and 58 percent females. They represented a cross-section of occupational types. Over 80 percent of the respondents attend Mass at least every Sunday.

Their attitudes are fascinating—and sobering.

The first 15 questions characterized the Catholic faith and on them there was general agreement. However, when it came to how to live the faith, there was disagreement . . . and contradiction.

Ninety percent, for instance, agree that the best prayer is to love others in practice. Yet less than one-third of the people believe that suburban parishes should help to support inner-city parishes financially. At the same time, 93 percent disagreed that a good Catholic ought to think about the next life and not worry about fighting against poverty and injustice in this life.

Apropos the parish council, 84 percent consider it a good example of clergy-lay cooperation; on the other hand, 59 percent think most laypeople are not willing to be leaders in the church even when invited.

In the area of morality, 93 percent indicated that they believe themselves accountable to God for their moral decisions, a conviction that apparently results in a certain indifference towards Church law. Thus, 85 percent answered that it was morally right for married couples to use artificial means to prevent conception, while 63 percent believed it is not against God's law for a divorced person to remarry while the first spouse lives.

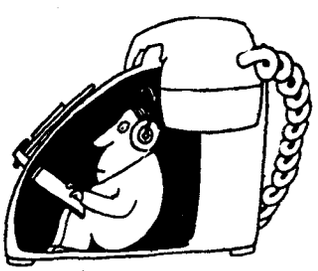
The breakdown according to age found that 65 percent of youths believed it is morally right for an engaged couple to have sexual relations before marriage. Only 16 percent of those above 55 shared this belief.

With respect to drugs, 90 percent of those over 55 said it is sinful to use them, except for medicinal purposes. Only 45 percent of youths concurred.

### Fools Rush In Dept.

Britain's Department of Employment has published a study ("Women at Work, Sex Differences and Society") rating one sex against the other, and receiving the following summary in *The Economist*:

"Men are stronger than women (by about 80 percent), but more vulnerable to disease (twice as many boy babies die in their first three weeks of life as girls). Men are twice as likely to have an accident as women, three times as likely to commit suicide, see better but hear worse, are more practical but have less vocabulary, are worse at arithmetic but better at mathematical problems, are worse at clerical work, are more emotionally stable, mature, realistic, thick-skinned, liberal, analytical, suspicious, self-opinionated, hard-to-fool, aggressive, stubborn and probably slightly more intelligent. Women are more warm-hearted, sensitive, easy-going, conventional, calculating, penetrating, tense, frustrated, and troubled."



CPS/The Bird/LNS

A second study ("Women at Work: A Statistical Survey") shows 42 percent of British wives now work, compared with 22 percent in 1951—a figure that might even be higher if male biases were otherwise. "Employers are always finding reasons for not employing women," said the study. . . . A proclivity, it seems, that endures in at least one former colony.

### Rhodesian Tourism

In August, the United Church of Christ Center for Social Action sent letters to over 1,100 travel agencies in the U.S. noting their involvement in arranging tourism to Rhodesia. The letter cited U.S. law and UN resolutions with respect to Rhodesia, and asked their cooperation in making effective the economic sanctions against Ian Smith's white minority government.

More than 300 responded to the letter, thanking the Center for bringing the law to their attention and promising to discontinue their practice. Yet many of the largest American tourist agencies ignored the letter or indicated refusal to change policy.

Tourism thus continues to be the second largest source of foreign exchange for the Smith regime.

Tourism is down considerably in Rhodesia—from 405,485 in 1972 to 288,105 in 1973, a decline of 29 percent. But American patronage remains strong. At least 20 percent of Rhodesian visitors are U.S. tourists. An Air Rhodesia computer printout for March, 1974, showed 16,406 persons booked by U.S. travel agents and airlines on flights connecting with Air Rhodesia for the rest of the year, a figure that represents charter-flight reservations only. By conservative estimates, this tourism nets Rhodesia at least $16.3 million per year in foreign exchange.

The United Church of Christ Center for Social Action is pressing a "no tourism to Rhodesia" effort, and has available on request detailed information on the cooperation (or not) of individual travel agencies. Persons may write to Rev. Donald Morton, UCC-CSA, Room 621, 475 Riverside Drive, N.Y., N.Y. 10027.

### Odds and Ends

—*PTA Magazine* died with its November issue. Reasons: spiraling production costs, increased postal rates, declining circulation (from 162,000 to 52,000 over the past five years). A projected loss of $133,000 for the current fiscal year was the deciding factor.

—Peter Hebblethwaite in the *Catholic Herald* of London: "There are still curés in France trying to improve on the liturgy in an improvised way. One of them refused to say: 'Go, the Mass is ended,' on the Teilhardian grounds that our everyday life was a perpetual sacrifice; accordingly, he used to exhort his baffled congregation at the end of Mass: 'Go, the Mass is just beginning.' "

—Dr. Peter Berger (*Rumor of Angels*) on the so-called sexual revolution: "In a world of mass murder and mass starvation, of unprecedented terror, odious terror, and the threat of nuclear holocaust—in such a world there is something obscene about an order of priorities that starts off with bigger and better orgasms."

JOHN DEEDY



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CORRESPONDENCE

### Homosexuality

New York, N.Y.

*To the Editors:* Did I cause a big fuss when Michael Novak supported the Vietnam war, wrote the novel *Naked I Came*, ripped off Bernard Lonergan's thought, elevated the Slavs to the Chosen People, conferred a plenary indulgence on *Commentary* editor Norman Podhoretz, etc.?

No. All these years I've kept my peace as Novak made a general nuisance of himself. But I will be silent no longer. Not after Novak suggested the Church has had "occasional homosexual popes" without offering a shred of evidence [Oct. 18]. Which popes? I challenge Novak to name them. Until he does, no Holy Father in history is safe from his libel.

So exactly who are these papal pansies, Mr. Novak? PHILIP NOBILE

Detroit, Michigan

*To the Editors:* I found a bit confusing Michael Novak's article *Brother McNaught, Brother O'Rourke* [Oct. 18]. Mr. Novak seems to display compassion for persons whose orientation differs from his own, and he shows an acceptance of sinners that I find quite Christlike; but I am concerned when—in the first section of his article—he equates homosexuality with "failing" and with "sin."

The totality of the article seems to concern our traditional understanding of the overt, sinful, homosexual act that the Church denounces. May I ask, though, what is a "sin" or where is the "failing" in the mere fact of being a homosexual?

My heterosexuality cannot be the basis of describing my moral character. My heterosexuality is a product of my genes, my psychic input, and my social and cultural experiences. What I do with this gift of heterosexuality and my reasons for doing what I do will determine my moral character.

A homosexual is also a product of

*(Continued on page 222)*

**NEWS & VIEWS: 202** **CORRESPONDENCE: 203**
**EDITORIALS: 203**
**THE SYNOD SAYS NO:** *Henry ten Kortenaar* **204**
**SHOULD WOMEN BE PRIESTS?** *Michael Novak* **206**
**THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION:** *Nicholas R. Clifford* **207**
**DOWNSTREAM FROM WATERGATE:** *Frank Getlein* **211**
**VERSE.** *Jack Lindeman* **215**
**MEDIA: Wilbur Mills and Lenny Bruce:** *Michael Murray* **213**
**THE SCREEN:** *Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr.* **214**
**FACING UP TO THE INESCAPABLE:** *Victor Ferkiss* **216**
**BOOKS:** *Claire Hahn, Michael F. McCauley, Jean Bethke Elshtain* **217**
**ILLUSTRATIONS:** *Front cover:* Liberation News Service

JAMES O'GARA: *Editor* JOHN DEEDY: *Managing Editor*
RAYMOND A. SCHROTH: *Associate Editor* ANNE ROBERTSON: *Editorial Assistant*
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.: *Movies* JOHN FANDEL: *Poetry*
BRIAN WICKER: *Great Britain* ALAIN WOODROW: *Paris*
HENRY TEN KORTENAAR: *Rome* JOHN COONEY: *Dublin*
EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Publisher* JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

COMMONWEAL *A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts.*
*Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.*
*Printed in the USA and published weekly,*
*except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and June to mid-September,*
*by Commonweal Publishing Co., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016*
*MUrray Hill 3-2042.* *Copyright © 1974 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.*
*US and Canada: $15 a year. Foreign $17. Single copies 50c*

## 'NO' ON ROCKEFELLER

When President Gerald R. Ford designated Nelson A. Rockefeller as his choice for Vice President we knew the arguments against him—his money, his pandering to the right wing, his silence on Watergate and Vietnam, his responsibility for the Attica slaughter, his remoteness from the problems of the common man—but we accepted him and said his nomination should be confirmed [September 8]. He is a "big" man, perhaps one of the most experienced and, from one point of view, most successful public men in America—so unlike the mediocrities who surrounded Richard Nixon. It seemed that to fight the nomination would only prolong the trouble of shifting Administrations.

But now we know more about Rockefeller. The latest disclosures concerning his campaign financing, his gifts to public officials, and his secret sponsorship of the hatchet-job biography of his 1970 gubernatorial opponent Arthur Goldberg—coupled with his apparent moral insensitivity to the impropriety of these actions—have refocused our perspective on the man and the paramount issues: *that kind of* personal and economic power and the Vice Presidency of the United States (much less the Presidency) must not be combined in one man. Congress should reject the Rockefeller nomination.

Rockefeller is not—like the Roosevelts, Harriman or the Kennedys—just another rich man in public life. Through inherited wealth, foundations, his Critical Choices Committee, and the interlocking directorates of corporations like Chase Manhattan Bank, Standard Oil, Exxon, several airlines, and IBEC (the International Basic Economy Corporation, the largest food business in Latin America, which also dominates investment banking in Brazil and has other businesses in Chile), his family may already be the most powerful in history. How are the nation and world served by multiplying the international power of a man who already controls an independent empire of his own? The family has poured $14 million into his political campaigns. How is democracy served by promoting a man whose life witnesses not to equality of opportunity but to the aristocracy of money and power?

But it is the gifts to personal friends—one as high as half a million



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dollars—that have, in an unexpected way, revealed the special nature of the Rockefeller problem. For example, Henry Kissinger ($50,000) as Secretary encouraged CIA subversion in Chile; he determines policy that concerns Rockefeller interests in Latin America. William A. Ronan ($625,000), former Chairman of the Metropolitan Transit Authority and Chairman of the Port Authority, makes decisions affecting the Rockefeller-backed World Trade Center. Former Republican State Chairman L. Judson Morehouse ($86,000 and a pardon from a bribery jail sentence) helped make Rockefeller governor. Senator Jacob Javits ($15,000) will have to vote on Rockefeller's confirmation. The recipients are instruments of his power. He has defended these gifts as generous tokens of love. Since when is true friendship best sealed by satchels of cash? Especially to men who are already high-salaried government employees. It is hard to avoid the conclusion that Rockefeller bought loyalty—and maybe even silence.

Financing the anti-Goldberg book would not, in itself, merit much attention if the Rockefellers had not laundered the money four times and dissimulated before taking responsibility. Here is evidence that wealth and security do not free the mighty from the temptation to play dirty but rather delude them into playing by their own rules.

But the most pathetic aspect of Rockefeller's situation is that he and his defenders do not seem to understand what people are disturbed about. He calls the Goldberg book a "mistake" while others see it as a key to his character—a willingness to play dirty to get what he wants.

Nor can we accept him as an object of sympathy, a victim of the so-called "post-Watergate" standard of morality—as if public demand to know the full story on the man who might be President is a novel, and therefore unfair, request. Americans are used to the idea that their leaders are not saints. They do not ask for moral heroism. They do want a man they can look up to as Vice President. They can do better.

●●●●●●●●●●●●●●

**REPORT FROM ROME**

# THE SYNOD SAYS NO

Until Tuesday, Oct. 22, the fourth Synod of Bishops had been the most uneventful of the series. After three weeks of quiet speeches, which had shown a substantial agreement on some important topics (human liberation, local churches, "indigenization," small communities, etc.), the bishops were ready to leave, after the usual hasty votes on the final document. This time, however, the race against time was expected to be less desperate than on former occasions, for it had been announced that the Synod would not issue a document, but rather a series of *"propositiones,"* concrete statements or recommendations.

At first, the bishops were only surprised to find that they were supposed to vote on a 41-page declaration; then, as the text was read to them by the *relatores,* they grew angry and excited. During the coffee-break there were more animated discussions than there had ever been during the preceding weeks, and it soon turned out that a large number of bishops considered the document totally inadequate as a basis for further discussion. When the meeting was resumed, the chairman, Cardinal Koenig, announced that "some difficulties had arisen," which made an immediate vote advisable.

The result is known: three chapters out of four were rejected by a large majority. Obviously, the bishops did not recognize themselves in the string of pious platitudes they had just heard; and, by comparison, they suddenly realized how much more vital and important had been their own discussions during the preceding weeks. This would partially explain the air of general satisfaction at the end of the Synod, four days later, though the bishops had so little to show for their work: a short "message to the people of God" and an even shorter note to Pope Paul which read like the table of contents of the original working paper.

The real results of the Synod must therefore be sought elsewhere, and especially in the communications on the work of evangelization as it is carried out in different parts of the world. They contradicted the pessimistic tone of Pope Paul's recent speeches and also of the preparatory paper for the Synod, with its insistence on impediments and obstacles. One expression which often recurred at the Synod was "signs of the times," and it was used in the same optimistic sense as in Pope John's opening speech at the Vatican Council. One could perhaps detect some ingenuousness in the Synod's interpretation of some of these signs, such as the "modern trend towards contemplation" and "youth's search for Jesus," but on the whole the bishops were refreshingly open to a world which was no longer regarded as the enemy.

One of the major difficulties of the Synod was the vastness of its subject: since "evangelization" is what the Church is all about, and the "modern world" is not too easily circumscribed either, the first interventions roamed far and wide, from Sacred Heart devotions to the redemption of prostitutes. But slowly some central questions emerged, and after being discussed in the



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

twelve language groups, these were listed in the final note to the Pope. Not all of them received equal attention (disappointingly little was said, e.g., on ecumenism), but on the whole the list presents a fairly faithful reflection of the main questions discussed by the bishops.

Among the hopeful signs of the times, they saw the growth of "small communities"—a vague term which covered a wide range of different groups, from underground church to charismatic movement. In many parts of the world such communities—with or (more often) without priests—are becoming the normal form of the Church's presence in the world; in other parts they offer an alternative to Catholics who feel no longer at home in the rigid institutions of the traditional Church. What they have in common is that they present a humbler, poorer image of the Church, less clerical also and more democratic. The positive attitude of the Synod towards this phenomenon implies that the bishops themselves are beginning to take a different view of the Church and of their own role in it.

Another important issue on which there was almost general agreement was the essential link between salvation and human liberation. In his speeches, both at the beginning and at the end of the Synod, Pope Paul warned that the mission of the Church is in the first place a religious one: it must proclaim, first of all, liberation from sin and death. But this cannot mean, as Archbishop Paulo Evaristo Arns of Sao Paulo said, that the Church's mission is to save souls: it must save *people* and therefore it must take sides with the poor and oppressed in their struggle against the sins of the modern world: hunger, poverty, oppression, injustice and violence. Too long and too often, Bishop Helder Camara added, the Church has told people to wait for salvation after this life, and thereby given the impression that Marx was right when he called religion "the opium of the people."

Probably the most important question discussed at this Synod was the problem of the "local churches." The term was criticized by what we may call the "Roman school," mainly represented by Italians and the bishops from Eastern Europe (where the survival of the Church depends on the strength of a centralized organization, and all tendencies towards "autonomy" are considered dangerous). They proposed to speak of "particular churches," as opposed to the "universal church" (often tacitly identified with "Holy See"). But those who continued to speak of "local churches" (most notably the Africans, who for the first time played a leading role at this Synod) used it on a different theological level, where the distinction does not hold, or does not hold in the same sense.

The Universal Church, as they see it, can never be disembodied, something "up there": it is always incarnated in particular places and cultures and historical conditions. "Indigenization," said the Archbishop of Dakar, Hyacinthe Thiandoum, "has not been invented by us, but by Jesus Christ in his Incarnation." It is clear that in this view "indigenization" does not stop at liturgical folklore: it goes to the deepest roots of the Gospel message, and affects not only church discipline (celibacy, marriage laws etc.) but theology and the proclamation of the Gospel itself. But it is also clear that the bond with the Pope, as head of the universal Church, does not become less, but far more important, as was forcefully stressed by the defenders of the local churches: for it is precisely this bond which represents the essential unity of what outwardly would seem many different churches.

The most disconcerting part of the draft considered precisely the local churches: they were listed, along with "non-practicing Catholics," "youth," "workers," etc., among the "various groups expecting an answer from the Church" (*"Ecclesiam interpellantes"*). This was not just a dilution, but a clear distortion of what the bishops had said: for if the "local church" is *the Church as it is present* in a particular place, culture, etc., how can it be said to "appeal to the Church"? The draft implied therefore a choice for one particular theological opinion, which happened to be the minority one. But it was characteristic of the present Synod that the bishops preferred not to bring the issue to a vote, and rather decided to dismiss the whole document.

This was probably a wise decision, for if the Synod has made one thing clear, it is that the development in the Church goes on without waiting for Synods; it must be examined and discussed at regular intervals, but should not be fixed at any particular stage by decisions which may be outdated before they ever become operative. If this is what the bishops meant by their vote, the Synod has probably found its ideal function, of providing a platform for a peaceful exchange of ideas and experiences, of registering the Church's growth in its various forms and stages, and thereby stimulating further growth.

It would be tempting, but probably wrong, to compare the Synod vote to the famous rejection of the document on Revelation in November 1961, which was the turning point in the history of the Vatican Council. The Synod can hardly be said to have a history in the same sense as the Council; when, in another three years' time, it is convened again, it will be to discuss another topic, and the rejected document will never be rewritten, discussed, amended and approved, as was the decree on Revelation. And yet, by refusing to sign a paper they had not prepared and which did not reflect what they had said, the bishops reasserted their freedom within the narrow limits of the present Synod rules: for the first time a Synod refused to submit to outward manipulation, and this will have its influence on future Synods.

HENRY TEN KORTENAAR



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# SHOULD WOMEN BE PRIESTS?

MICHAEL NOVAK

Ten years ago in Rome, those of us who were in favor of changing the Latin liturgy did not properly perceive that reform could be botched as badly as tradition. We argued that intelligibility was the determining principle: The use of the vernacular at the Eucharist would allow people to understand each word in their own language. We hadn't counted on the use of suburban supermarket English; on the general watering down of Christian mysteries to the level of "human potential" movements and "sensitivity." (Potential *to do what*? Sensitivity to *perceive what*?) We hadn't thought carefully enough about the anthropology behind what we were advocating; about the symbolic powers we were disturbing; about the links between the sense of the sacred and some necessary blend of the familiar and the unfamiliar, as when habitual rituals included "unintelligible" Latin.

In this reform of the liturgy, of course, not all was loss. Millions did enjoy the new comfort of worshipping in their own language, and the spontaneity encouraged by the patterns of the "folk" mass. The reconsideration of all the complicated issues involved has been a searing institutional experience. The church undertook a massive and courageous effort to fulfill the Socratic ideal of "the examined life."

We can expect the same ambiguities if we move toward yet another major symbolic reform, the ordination of women.

Often this issue is put in terms of power, in political metaphors. Women, it is said, are the (political) equals of men, and so they should have equal status and power in the church. Indeed, some go further: The fact that women have not until now had priestly positions in the church is an *inequity*, a sin. If this is so, the sin is a newly discovered one. As short a time ago as the Second Vatican Council, there was no widespread consciousness, let alone consensus or even coherent demand, that the church had a choice: either ordain women or stand convicted of wilful sinfulness. It was, so to speak, an unconscious, unwilled sin. But on this issue there is no need to proceed by imputing guilt for the past. There is enough to do in thinking through the requirements of a better future.

Only a short while ago our reformers were telling us, properly, that the priesthood does not concern power or status but ministry. Priests are the servants of the people. Women, then, in asking to be accepted as servants, are not asking for power, status, or prestige; not even, in a sense, for liberation. They are asking, rather, to be bound; to undertake solemn obligations and responsibilities; to preside over sacramental mysteries; to be of service.

The fundamental issue is not political but symbolic. Are women symbolically interchangeable with men—do they signify for the imagination the same realities? On this question, we may have serious doubts. The issue is not solely cultural, at least not cultural in a trivial sense. The first and primordial symbol is the human body. The male and the female bodies evoke differential symbols.

There are some civilizations whose inner deal is pitched toward the symbols of womanhood—the Middle Ages were such a period. There are civilizations whose inner ideal is more nearly pitched toward the symbols of masculinity—the all-mastering, competitive, and aggressive modern spirit has bred such a civilization.

Thinkers like Henry Adams are not alone in grasping the essential inner difference between the Catholic and the Calvinist age in respect to feminine and masculine symbols. In the inner experience of millions, God is perceived in quite different ways: among some, as an all-mastering voice of conscience, masculine and oppressive; among others, as the center of the soul, neither masculine nor feminine, a voice deeper in the self than the self, gentle and also majestic. In the latter traditions, impersonal (and thus non-sexual) metaphors are stronger than anthropomorphic images.

The Christian God works in history through self-emptying, self-humbling acts. It is a humbling act that God took on flesh, and that in the celebration of the divine presence bread should be God's body. Women as well as men became one with God, dwelled in by God. Men as well as women think of God as "the spouse of the soul," "the divine Lover." In using erotic imagery of God, men do not think of a homosexual relation; nor was carnality or masculinity involved in St. Teresa's imagery of her "divine Spouse." What is at stake is two-in-oneness, for which the unity of man and woman is an imperfect metaphor.

It is true that language betrays us. Personal language derived from concrete persons is necessarily either male or female in its fleshly embodiment, even if its intended referent is neither male nor female. Latin has the advantage of using both masculine and feminine nouns as the names of God: Caritas, Sapientia, Justitia, Pax, Veritas, and others. Gentleness, patience, humility, kindness and other virtues of the early Christians were androgynous; but they were clearly perceived as affronts to then current images of masculine perfection. The courtesy, charity, and compassion of the warlike knights were seen as sweetening modifications of barbarian

*(Continued on page 221)*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION

NICHOLAS R. CLIFFORD

## The view from Peking

Some years ago Owen Lattimore complained of what he called "the bleakness that has year by year been eroding American studies of China since the Americans cut themselves off from that country," a policy, he maintained, which reduced American scholars to "peeping through the Hongkong keyhole or . . . ferreting about among the thousands of tons of published and unpublished Chinese material in their libraries and research institutions." The complaint is a common one, of course; Felix Greene, for instance, talks of a "curtain of ignorance" erected to prevent us from learning the truth about China, and William Hinton writes of a "virtual boycott of news about China" in the years before the ping-pong visit of 1971.

It is of course impossible to defend a policy whereby for so many years the State Department insisted that Americans be forbidden to visit China. But it is absurd to pretend (as, for instance, Han Su-yin does) that "China is not isolated except by the exertions of others to isolate her." Indeed, as anyone who has tried to visit China recently can attest, the country is far from being open; visas are extremely difficult to obtain, and for the few who are permitted to visit China, and the even fewer who are allowed more than the routine three- to six-week trip, the conditions for study are extremely difficult. The kinds of privileges for foreigners to do archival research, for instance, which are commonplace in western countries, and which exist even in the Soviet Union, have been almost unknown in China, and despite Mr. Lattimore's implications, it would be difficult to find many scholars from, say, Britain or Switzerland or Scandinavia (all of whom recognized the People's Republic in 1950) who have fared better than their American counterparts. By and large they too have been denied direct access to sources within China herself, and like Americans, they are forced to depend on collections of material in Hongkong, in Taiwan and the West.

It is probably true that Americans in particular and foreigners in general are ill-informed about China. But the fault does not lie with the American China scholars whom Professor Lattimore dismisses so cavalierly. One could make the case, in fact, that in both quantitative and qualitative terms the United States leads the western world in serious study of modern China. Some of the scholarship undoubtedly has been undertaken for reasons less than admirable, and reflects a cold-warrior outlook, but some has been remarkably friendly as well, showing a deep sympathy for a land and a people whom the authors have often never been allowed to see.

There are many reasons for this production, and money is one of them. Foundation grants have been generous in supporting the work of scholars "ferreting about" the research libraries and archives outside China, and underwriting the publication by university presses of important works which would never earn a profit for their publishers. For years the American Consulate-General in Hongkong has published translations of Chinese press articles, and a number of American libraries have first-rate Chinese collections, all of which have compensated to some degree for the impossibility of visiting the mainland. The American relationship with Taiwan has been profitable as well, both as a training

NICHOLAS R. CLIFFORD *is an associate professor of history at Middlebury College in Vermont.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ground for language students, and for the opportunities for Americans to use the archives which the Nationalists brought with them in 1949.

Hence despite the disabilities under which the China scholars work, both in America and elsewhere, we have seen nevertheless the appearance of enormously useful and understanding studies of modern China by men and women such as Benjamin Schwartz, Mary Wright, Stuart Schram, Franz Schurmann and others, and if we remain ignorant of the main outlines of the story, we can blame only ourselves, and not any illusory "curtain of ignorance." Perhaps the one major fault which the China scholars can be accused of is that, with a few notable exceptions (such as Schram's Penguin biography of Mao Tse-tung) there have not been enough "popular" studies of China published, books written with the scholar's knowledge, but for an audience wider than that of the university press monographs.

I bring up these reflections because since last spring there have again been indications of problems arising within the Chinese leadership, problems which will be exacerbated by the illness of Chou En-lai, and once again observers of China have been trying to read between the lines of the latest reports from the Peking government, searching for clues with which to understand the situation. At its Tenth Congress in August 1973 the Chinese Communist Party adopted a new constitution which warned that there would be revolutions like the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution of the 1960s "many times" in the future, and since late last year there has been a mounting campaign directed primarily against Lin Piao, the former Defense Minister who died mysteriously in September 1971, after having been named Mao's heir during the Ninth Party Congress of April 1969, and against Confucius, the philosopher of the 5th century B.C., in whose name many of the ideals and institutions of traditional China were developed.

These attacks seem to be part of the unfinished business of the Cultural Revolution, which was theoretically brought to an end by the 1969 Congress, but which, as the Lin Piao affair showed (and he was by no means the only high official to fall from grace) brought no long-term settlement to the questions which had been so furiously debated and fought over since 1965. The Cultural Revolution was an event of considerable importance in recent history, and can be interpreted in a variety of different ways.

It was in part a power struggle between the Maoists and the followers of Liu Shao-ch'i, the so-called "capitalist roaders," who urged a more rationalized and carefully administered approach to the economic problems after the failures of the Great Leap Forward of the late 1950's. It was a power struggle too between the advocates of advanced military technology, such as Lo Jui-ch'ing, who was early removed as Army Chief of Staff, and those like Lin Piao who advocated a psychological mobilization in the spirit of Mao's dictum that "men are more important than weapons," to recapture something of the guerrilla ethos of Yenan, and to prepare the country for what in 1965 seemed to be the real possibility of war with Russia or America or both. And it was also what its name implied: a revolution in culture.

Mao has never been a strict economic determinist, and has always made it perfectly clear (in Marxist terms) that there are conditions under which the ideology and superstructure, rather than the economic base, can play the principal and decisive role in a society's development. In Mao's view, after Stalin's death, the Soviet Union suffered from something more than simply a hardening of its revolutionary arteries; it was actually backsliding into capitalism, reversing what a more orthodox Marxist-Leninist might see as the inevitable forward trend of history towards socialism. He was determined to prevent this in China, and a revolution in the superstructure would help (as he hinted to Edgar Snow in 1965) by mobilizing the youth who

had grown up since 1949, giving them vicariously a sense of what their fathers had gone through during the heroic years of the Long March and the wars against Japan and the Kuomintang.

The revolutionary wave which had gathered through 1966 crested in the summer of 1967, a time which saw the radicals at the height of their power, until the outbreak of a virtual anti-revolutionary mutiny by some army units in the industrial center of Wuhan in July. That autumn the Army, which in January had been ordered to "support the left" in the Revolution, came down more firmly on the side of law and order, and while there were new outbreaks of violence in the summer of 1968, by autumn "ultra-leftism" was being strongly condemned, and the guiding Cultural Revolution Group in Peking was purged of its more radical members. By the time of the Party Congress the following April, a surface harmony had been restored, a harmony marked by a significant increase in military participation in both Party and government, and the rebuilding could begin.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cultural Revolution from its very inception gave rise to an enormous literature, some very good, some very bad, some of it written in the arcane language of China-watchers for other China-watchers, and some written for popular consumption. Two more books, both in paperback, both written for the general reader, have recently appeared, and they are interesting, not only for what they say about those years, but because they were written by men who were in China at the time, and can thus serve to test how far, if at all, an actual presence in Peking makes possible a more penetrating vision than can be achieved by those who can only "peep through the Hongkong keyhole."

The first book is Jean Daubier's *A History of the Chinese Cultural Revolution* (Vintage, $2.45, 1974). Daubier is a Frenchman who went to China in April 1966, as the Revolution was beginning, to teach and to work for the French edition of the *Peking Review,* before returning to France in 1968. His book was published in France in 1971, but the author has updated it through a number of postscripts written in 1973 for the American edition, and has also been provided with a glowing preface by Han Su-yin, a writer who has done much (sometimes with more enthusiasm than accuracy) to popularize the cause of the new China in the West.

The chief trouble with his book is simple: Daubier was a China-watcher within China who did not keep his eyes open. He details the events of the years 1965-1969 in a curiously lifeless way, and while he makes few references to his sources, it is apparent that he relies heavily on the official version of events. No judgment is made that is not in accordance with that of the Maoists, and no questions are raised that might embarrass the Maoists. Indeed, the book reflects the fact that at the time of its writing, the cult of Mao was still near its height; the words "Mao" or "Maoist" appear on almost every page, usually more than once, bringing to mind the story told of the orders issued by MacArthur's headquarters in Tokyo that the writers of the official history of the Occupation must mention the general's name on every page.

The result is to picture a Cultural Revolution run by Mao, in which the Chairman appears as supreme strategist, planning the attack on the historian Wu Han in 1965, which began things, giving his enemies in the Peking municipal government (like P'eng Chen) and in the national leadership (like Liu Shao-ch'i and T'ao Chu) enough rope to wind around their revisionist necks and hang themselves. He makes quite clear the fact that the course of the Revolution veered several times from left to right and back again, but throughout these changes of direction, Mao's policy, in his view, remained firm and unswerving; the Great Helmsman was deflected from his course neither by the winds of ultraleftism nor the "adverse countercurrents" of rightism. The anomaly is that Daubier unwittingly confirms the quite inaccurate western view of Mao's China as a personal dictatorship of the kind familiar to Europe. And like the images which dictators build of themselves, Daubier's Mao has a monopoly on morality; the Chairman's enemies, both on the right and ultraleft, "persecute," "murder," and use "underhanded methods," sometimes even going on "savage nocturnal forays" armed with iron bars and bicycle chains, while the Maoists rely on education and persuasion rather than force.

Now there are some very real contradictions within Maoism, and Mao himself has in the past, with an honesty uncharacteristic of ordinary dictators, called attention to at least some of them. There is, for instance, a contradiction between the role of the leader, and the policy of reliance on the masses, and it comes out particularly in popular discussion and debate of political and ideological issues. China would seem to be a society in which political participation is not only allowed but well-nigh required, and at least since the Yenan years, it has become an integral part of social mobilization. And yet some questions remain above debate; during the Hundred Flowers campaign of 1957, it was made quite clear that the absolutely fundamental points such as the validity of Mao's thought, or the leadership of the Communist Party, were not at issue. Daubier quite rightly points out that the problem for the leader here is to integrate the forces released by an aroused population into his own strategy, without ruining their spontaneity on the one hand, or without allowing them to become diverted into "sterile" (Daubier's word) discussion of the revolution's goals on the other. Mass participation in politics is desirable, in short, but becomes "sterile" when questions of ultimate ends are debated, and hence Daubier leaves them unasked.

By the time Daubier left China in 1968, despite some sporadic violence, there was a clear trend towards pragmatism and moderation on the part of the Mao-Chou leadership, which included a curbing of the Red Guards and the radicals. What we might see as a swing to the center, Daubier dutifully records as the "victory of the left." His point, of course, is that it was not the real left, but only the "ultraleft," such as the Tsinghua student leader K'uai Ta-fu, and members of the Cultural Revolution Group such as Wang Li and Ch'i Pen-yu, who were responsible for the violence and subsequently fell. It is clear, however, that the policy of "pas d'ennemis à gauche" was not in favor in Peking in 1968, although one can get around it as Daubier (or William Hinton, who has written of the student warfare at Tsinghua) does, by following Peking's view of ultraleftism as being actually reactionary.

Daubier's addendum, written in 1973, shows that he is clearly shocked by the Lin Piao affair, which he manfully tries to explain by suggesting a linking between Lin and the ultraleft May 16 Group. A year ago, that was all right; last August, however, Chou En-lai an-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nounced that Lin was no longer considered to be "ultra-leftist" or even "left in form but right in essence;" he is now characterized as an out-and-out rightist, a "revisionist" who sought to "restore capitalism," "reinstate the landlord and bourgeois classes," "institute a feudal-comprador-fascist dictatorship" (which suggests ties to the Kuomintang) and to "capitulate to Soviet revisionist social imperialism." It would be interesting to know what Daubier would make of this, and whether he would raise the question which cries out to be asked; what really lies behind the disappearance of Lin Piao? Here is a man whose career in the Party goes back to the mid-twenties, who was a hero of the Long March and the anti-Japanese war, who had served as Minister of Defense since 1959, and who was designated by name ten years later as Mao's "close comrade-in-arms and successor." Are we really to believe, as Peking now tells us, that he had always been a rightist? and if so, what does that say about the situation in which he rose to leadership?

It is a relief to turn from this kind of writing (and Daubier's style is often like that of the *Peking Review*) to another work by another Frenchman, Jean Esmein's *The Chinese Cultural Revolution* (Anchor, $2.75, 1973). Esmein served as press attaché in the French embassy from December 1965 until June 1968, and while again he never really raises the ultimate questions behind Mao's policies, neither does he condemn them in advance as "sterile." His Mao (who appears far less frequently than Daubier's) is a man who also remains steady through the twists and turns of the Revolution (although that is not true of his wife, Chiang Ch'ing, whom Esmein sees as having come under ultraleftist influence in 1967). But Esmein's Mao is a human being, subject to emotions such as anger and disappointment, and his participants in the Revolution are human too, not simply the smiling workers, peasants and soldiers familiar to readers of the *China Pictorial* and *China Reconstructs*. The students and workers of Esmein's book respond to natural human stimuli; many are thoroughly devoted to the cause, some of them (even in the Maoist camp) are guilty of opportunism, a kind of revolutionary careerism, and many, perhaps most, at one time or another are confused by a political situation in which the course of the Revolution's leadership is unclear, and virtually every faction claims to speak from a Maoist standpoint. Esmein spends more time than does Daubier on the situation outside Peking, although places like Szechwan, Yunnan and Sinkiang, where the Revolution ran into trouble, are slighted. He is less reticent than Daubier about admitting the outbreak of violence in 1967 and 1968, and unlike Daubier, is quite willing to admit that there were perfectly natural tensions between the student vanguards of the Revolution and the workers and peasants whom they sought to evangelize.

Esmein's most interesting interpretation of these years lies in his belief that the Party center, despite some close calls, never quite lost control of the Revolution. He points out that while the Party was forced to rely on Army intervention after January 1967, it was the party organization within the Army which provided an organizational coherence to the movement and which, with the leadership group in the Party center, acted as a nucleus around which the CCP could be rebuilt later. It is a view borne out by the fact that China has not, as some feared she would, succumbed to military government. Yet I wonder whether it does full justice to another of the contradictions within Maoism itself. In 1938 Mao wrote that "the Party commands the gun and the gun must never be allowed to command the Party." Yet in the same paragraph he pointed out not only that "political power grows out of the barrel of a gun," but that "all things [presumably including the Party] grow out of the barrel of a gun." Today party rebuilding continues, but it is by no means clear that in 1967 and 1968 the Party really did command the gun, and the Lin Piao affair probably is evidence of some of the severe tensions existing between Army and Party, for when that famous Trident jet went down in Mongolia in 1971, besides Lin Piao there seem to have been other top military leaders aboard.

Unfortunately Esmein's publishers did not prevail upon him also to update his book for the transatlantic edition, for his comments on the evolution of China since 1969 would be worth having. Here is a man who seems to have profited from his stay in China, by being able to read and report on many of the unofficial publications which flourished in China at the time. He did more than that, however, and on leaving Peking he read and used a number of Japanese and western studies of the movement, which give him a perspective Daubier lacks (Daubier seems to have restricted his outside reading to—besides Esmein—Edgar Snow and William Hinton, men who, despite their admirable qualities as reporters, were hardly likely to encourage him to ask any difficult questions about the nature of the revolution and its leadership).

We come out of this then with a mixed balance sheet on the questions of whether such studies profit from the presence of their authors in Peking. Presumably the work of a scholarly or a journalistic investigator must be judged in large part in terms of the kinds of questions he raises, whether or not he is able to answer them, and he must be faulted if he is unwilling to go beyond either the questions or the answers provided by the local political authorities. Yet the scope of these two books, both in terms of coverage and of questions raised, is far smaller than, for instance, Stanley Karnow's study, *Mao and China: From Revolution to Revolution* (Viking Compass, paperback, $3.95, 1973), an account written from Hongkong and Harvard with all the paraphernalia



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the outside China-watcher. It may simply be that Daubier (and to a far lesser extent Esmein) allow politics to obscure their vision, and it is quite possible that men with a more detached view, had they been permitted to live in Peking at the time, would have written more widely ranging books. Or did life in Peking in those years tend to turn one towards the orthodox sources? But if this is true, and if the attacks against Liu Shao-ch'i in the mid-sixties, or against Lin Piao today are to be taken at face value, if we really are to believe (as the *Peking Review* told us on February 8th) that Lin decorated his bedroom with maxims from Confucius, then we might as well stay home and get our news from the official journals.

Finally, both these authors deprecate, quite correctly, the common western view of the Revolution as power struggle pure and simple. And yet when all is said and done it is precisely this aspect on which they too concentrate. The reason, I think, is simple: Chinese propaganda at the time played up the rivalry between Mao Tse-tung and Liu Shao-ch'i, the personal aspect of the revolution; the talk of the "struggle between two roads" was put in terms of divergences between individual members among the leadership. Hence the official accounts made it sound as if it really did matter whether Mao or Liu emerged triumphant from the Central Committee infighting, and made the power struggle seem very important indeed. But there were some very real questions which transcended this rivalry, questions dealing ultimately with the Maoist vision for China, and with the immediate and long-range effects of the Revolution itself. They are questions which I think have been dealt with more satisfactorily by China-watchers like Karnow; perhaps, anomalous though it may sound, they are questions which can be asked only by those who stand far enough away from Peking to see it clearly.

# DOWNSTREAM FROM WATERGATE

FRANK GETLEIN

## The uses of anti-Communism

Gerald Ford, along with most Republican candidates, has been urging the nation to "put Watergate behind us," as, for that matter, Richard Nixon used to do. It is conceivable that the widespread defeat of Republicans in the elections accomplished just that. Prevented by Ford from getting at the real criminal, the voters took out their wrath and disgust on the only available surrogates—another Nixonian idea that lives on in the new age.

Whether that is the case or not, however, putting Watergate behind us is the last thing in the world we ought to do with it. Even if Haldeman and Ehrlichman go to prison, Watergate should not be put behind us. If experience is the best teacher, it is also the most expensive teacher. Since we have paid amounts still not fully calculated for the Watergate expereicne, we would be foolish to put it behind us without learning all we can from it.

As if deliberately to make that educational process as difficult as possible, the press and the politicians have all but unanimously treated the whole affair as if it were some kind of psychological freak show. The operating theory behind this treatment is that the head freak naturally surrounded himself with fellow-freaks who in turn brought in even freakier subordinates until the chain included horrid little men like Howard Hunt and Gordon Liddy.

Now that the freaks have been ousted, the theory continues, we can all rest easy because now we know the system works.

Actually, of course, we know nothing of the sort. The system as system was all geared up to try Hunt and Liddy and the Fritos banditos for a burglary committed out of thin air and for no particular reason except a taste for burglary. The system as system has, in fact, allowed the head freak to retire to palatial exile and prepare for a comeback either in person or as an inspiring myth-figure who selflessly resigned for the good of the country when he failed to get a vote of confidence, presumably in the House of Commons because that's where they have those things.

Watergate as freak show misses everything that's important about it. One area that needs further investigation is the role of the CIA. We have been assured by at least two directors of that agency that it had nothing to do with Watergate, but we know that it had some part and we need to know completely what that part was. In some ways the agency's involvement in Watergate is more frightening than its murder of Salvador Allende, for it shows that the CIA, despite its charter, is perfectly prepared to do to Americans all the nasty

FRANK GETLEIN, *author of* Playing Soldier—A Diatribe, *is critic-at-large of the* Washington Star-News.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

things Americans thought they were paying the spooks to do to foreigners. This time burglary on the home ground, next time murder, if indeed that next time hasn't already occurred. A prime lesson of Watergate is that some responsible Congressional committee is going to have to find out everything that crowd of permanent adolescents has been up to and make them stop doing a lot of it both at home and abroad.

Another major lesson of Watergate that has been largely ignored while we have all been enjoying the freak show comes from the answers to two elemental questions of routine police investigation of crime: Where did the money come from? and, Who profited from all this?

We know the answers. The money came from supercorporations, conglomerates and international cartels of one kind or another, even the milk producers' "cooperative," which shelled out a good hunk of the hush money, being not without its international and supercorp aspects. What they got in return was government favors. One central strand of the whole scandal had to do with the location of the Republican convention. ITT picked up the $400,000 tab it took to get it in San Diego—the Diegans rebelled or that's where it would have been—and, by astonishing coincidence, not only did the Justice Department decide to settle its pending anti-trust suit out of court on terms extremely favorable to the conglomerate, but, as we learned only recently, the CIA sent its thugs into Chile to turn back the dread threat of social justice, murder Allende and restore ITT to its former position of shared dominance in the Chilean economy. That's a hell of a return on four hundred grand.

It is easy to think of John Mitchell and Maurice Stans as a couple of comical confidence men, one of them dreaming up anti-trust suits and similar government botherations, the other running around with the black bag collecting the contributions that call off the harassments, but to think that is to miss the point. The point is that Watergate, besides being the freak show we follow daily in Judge Sirica's court and in Richard Nixon's medical Dow-Jones averages, and besides being a kind of try-out for the CIA's big-time entry into domestic right-wing politics, was also a deadly serious effort by the supercorps at the take-over of the United States government. Two concluding notes on this aspect: it is of the highest significance that one of the final public utterances of Nixon on any non-Watergate matter when he was still prowling about Dunsinane Castle on Pennsylvania Avenue was that the inflation, which had somehow been brought to his attention, would be cured by repeal or relaxation of the government controls which have been instituted, over the years, to protect us, however inadequately, from the greed of the supercorps. Second, the supercorp reps in the White House are still there; Haldeman and Erlichman, from this point of view, were clowns, hardly distinguishable from Agnew the crook: the serious people were Simon, Butz and Ash and they still are. While they remain in office, keep your back to the wall and your hand on your wallet because they are out to kill the cops who protect you—inadequately—from their once and future associates and paymasters in superbiz.

Besides all that, Watergate was also something else and here we will be suicidal if we neglect the lesson and laugh our fool heads off at the freak show. Watergate was the grand climax, the supreme act of *hubris* and the ultimate bankruptcy of anti-Communism in America. Howard Hunt at Howard Johnson's was the equivalent of the Turk at the gates of Vienna. In passing, it may be noted that having lost Vienna, the Turk is now established at the gates of the U.S. Treasury; similarly, although Howard Hunt has been in and out of jail, the cause for which he burgled at home and did God knows what abroad is still very much alive. It may or may not be remembered that shortly after he was captured by the forces of law and order, Hunt leaked to a close friend, who is this country's best known if not best right-wing journalist, the inside story of Watergate. The caper was staged, according to this account, because national security was endangered by George McGovern's willing bondage to Fidel Castro. The operating theory of the burglars was that Fidel was bankrolling the Democrats in exchange for the promise of recognition and economic aid once President McGovern took office. The belief presumably was that in the files of the Watergate headquarters of the Democratic National Committee would be found a copy of the contract, in Spanish and English.

Could Hunt really have believed that? He apparently sold the story to the Fritos banditos as well as to his right-wing journalist friend, but all of these people are by definition naive, anxious to believe the most melodramatic accoutrements to their private dreams of anti-Communist glory. Whether Hunt believed it or not, he found enough people in the White House who did believe it or something like it to set up a cash flow for burglary equipment and interstate travel for criminal purposes. What he found, of course, was anti-Communism at its most paranoid and hence its most dangerous to the Republic, to individual citizens and indeed to the entire world.

This is the most important lesson of Watergate and it is one that neither the nation nor its leaders, not even the political party against which the attack was aimed, give any sign at all of grasping.

Almost since the end of World War II, anti-Communism has been an unrelieved disaster for this country, yet it remains the only readily discernible unifying theme of our foreign policy and from that fulcrum has worked irreparable harm upon the domestic economy and the American society. It has led directly to our sup-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

port of military dictatorships around the world, even to creating military dictatorships where none existed; to our consequent violent and often effective opposition to democratically elected regimes; to establishing something very close to an economic military dictatorship in our own country; to causing to exist an ever increasing number of nuclear warheads which any child knows are simply dangerous to have around; to devoting a steadily increasing part of our industry to military manufacture and the consequent administrative corruption of industry: military industrialists have lost the basic business ability to figure costs correctly and to make things that work as they are supposed to because the Pentagon requires neither of these; to the inflation that is the unavoidable consequence of military spending on our scale.

Anti-Communism abroad has killed thousands of American youths in two absolutely pointless wars and is now conducting a permawar in Indochina. It has corrupted the noble concept of foreign aid, sending shells instead of soybeans and tragically delaying if not making impossible the self-sufficiency of many third world peoples.

Anti-Communism at home has unleashed hundreds of agents to violate the constitutional rights of citizens, including military agents assigned to spy upon political dissenters. It has also unleashed a peculiar kind of political charlatan upon us. Actually the nature of the politicians attracted to anti-Communism should have given us fair warning: from Joe McCarthy and Tom Dodd of Connecticut and many others including the young Nixon, right to the old Nixon we have learned about at last, there was quite regularly an element of funny business with funds; money somehow stuck to their fingers and had to be explained away. Sometimes the explanations were not accepted and the anti-Communist crusader went to jail or retired to private life. As the supreme anti-Communist of this anti-Communist troupe, Nixon naturally took in more money than the rest of them put together, told bigger lies, caused more harm, betrayed more people and ended, in the tradition, by retiring to private life to avoid going to jail.

The fraudulent nature of anti-Communism as policy may also be studied in its achievements, or lack thereof. Anti-Communism became policy in the wake of the savage and sinister Soviet takeover of Czechoslovakia early in 1948, a takeover preceded by essentially similar actions in Poland, Hungary and Rumania and by the forthright occupation in World War II of the former Czarist Baltic provinces. Anti-Communism came into existence to stave off what was seen as a Soviet threat to engulf the world, starting with Europe, and to "roll back," in Nixon's words, the Red tide in Eastern Europe. The tide has not been rolled back an inch nor has there ever been anything like a serious effort on anyone's part, including Nixon's, to roll it. Meanwhile, the Soviets have demonstrated that they can't take Communist Yugoslavia, let alone the world.

Watergate was merely the last major gift of anti-Communism to the American people and was hardly the worst. If it causes us to re-examine the anti-Communist base of our actions in the world and against ourselves, Watergate will have been a very cheap price for an absolutely essential educational leap. If it can cause us to wake up from the anti-Communist dream which has long ago turned into a nightmare, Watergate will be worth its costs.

At the moment, there is little sign of such an awakening.

**WILBUR MILLS AND LENNY BRUCE**

# MEDIA

Should we be surprised that there have been so many jokes in the media about Wilbur Mills? He quickly became a stock character in Johnny Carson's monologues, along with Ralph, the used-car salesman, and he has been depicted in newspaper cartoons careening through the Capitol corridors with a girl over his shoulder, bubbles wafting around his head. Mr. Mills has taken the brunt of a frustration that has been teasing us for months: Having established that so many majestic figures in government are all too human, we now seem to want to know *everything*. What was it like during Nixon's last White House days? Did he drink? Take pills? Wander about in a daze? We want to know about the *real* relationship between Nixon and Zeigler, Ted and Joan, Rockefeller and Ronan. Wilbur Mills, a safer target, has finally given us some good dirt to get hold of, a foothold for dark fantasies.

The columnists have been warning of the dangers to privacy and good taste in all this, and admittedly a sweeping iconoclasm in the media can confuse issues, obscuring the distinction between private lives and public performances. But when institutions and conventions become corrupt or oppressive, it can be therapeutic to peek rudely behind the curtain, to see precisely how ridiculous the Wizard really is, standing there in his undershorts. This liberation of our wild imaginings is probably a job for satirists, however, rather than investigative reporters—the plain facts are really not sufficient— and indeed recent events have unleashed the satirist in everyone. Accepting the danger of jokes in public forums on these subjects, we compare notes over the phone, at parties or in supermarket lines, exchanging weird "scenarios" which might explain the Resignation, the Pardon and so on.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is coincidental but interesting that in this atmosphere there is now a new interest in the life and works of the late comedian Lenny Bruce, a man whose jokes were so public and apparently so dangerous that many people did not consider them funny or even permissible. The recent play about him is being revived outside of New York (currently in Boston). Recordings of his performances are selling briskly. A movie, with Dustin Hoffman, has just been released. Books by and about him are in print, and a best-seller called *Ladies and Gentlemen: Lenny Bruce!!* is the center of a bitter journalistic battle. Nat Hentoff and others have blasted the author, Albert Goldman, in various papers and magazines for distorting the facts about the man, and so Lenny is once again a figure of controversy.

It is one of today's pieties that Lenny Bruce was ahead of his time. He was arrested so often for obscenity that it is hard for many people to separate their understanding of what he accomplished from their outrage at his persecution. (His death itself, from an overdose of narcotics in 1966, is widely considered to be a direct result of cruel police harassment.) Even given the shifting standards of permissiveness over the past ten years, however, the question— today as then—is how far can one go with public jokes about private matters?

Lenny Bruce's medium was nightclubs, at first glance an unpromising forum for serious satire. In a fundamental way, he was a brother to that small band of performers who come up for air on the late-night TV shows and talk about how recently they left Vegas and how soon they will be going back. Although spiritually a member of this tribe, Lenny Bruce was never able to contain his improvisations within the boundaries of taste prescribed by the networks or even the nightclubs. He was, at his best, an exceptionally funny man, but most of his career was devoted to demolishing the hypocrisies inherent in the notion of "good taste." He fantasized, for example, about Cardinal Spellman's panic at being suddenly confronted with the return of Christ and Moses to earth, about the mysterious and kinky refusal of the Lone Ranger to accept a thank-you, about the Jewish guilt for the death of Jesus ("All right. I'm gonna clear the air once and for all, and confess. We did it. I did it, my family. We found a note in the basement. It said, 'We killed him . . . signed . . . Morty.' ") Most of all, he ripped into the barriers of taste that society has built around sex.

Like most satirists, he viewed basic moral precepts as absolutes ("Ten Commandments don't say, 'Thou shalt not kill *sometime*,' ") and he rejected all of society's taboos as simply "lies." In one sense, he was a child who could not accept the careful accommodations of adulthood, the arranged pretenses and self-protective structures of grown-up life. He was, in the words of Brian Glanville, "a brave voice calling from the nursery." He was finally driven to shock just for the sake of shocking, in his desire to penetrate the deadening layers of maturity which he saw around him.

Probably too much has been and will be made of Lenny Bruce. For all his passion for truth, his vision was one-dimensional and circumscribed by the world of strip-joints, jazz, narcotics and obsessive sex in which he lived. There is a primitive honesty in this world, perhaps, but he was mistaken to believe that it represents the "truth," a basic heritage that we are all afraid to face. In his last years, his satire, when it was not a tantrum of abuse, was often a self-righteous lecture. His defenders who compare him now to Swift are overstating the case considerably: granting that "Lenny was his own act," in Nat Hentoff's phrase, and that he cannot be fairly recaptured in transcripts, imitations or even recordings, his body of work, by any definition, was pathetically slim.

Yet we cannot escape the feeling that the sallies of Johnny Carson, Russell Baker and the rest are not savage enough, childish enough—irresponsible enough —to meet our needs today. It is not likely that Lenny would have paid much attention to the embarrassments of Wilbur Mills, but his fantasies about life within the White House or in Rockefeller's camp in recent months can be imagined, and they might have helped satisfy our craving for catharsis. We still seem to need some ultimate, distasteful insight, blasting through the bizarre yet maddeningly prosaic and maturely presented facts that we have been offered.

MICHAEL MURRAY

**MALLE DE MOVIE**

# THE SCREEN

As the title of Louis Malle's new film, *Lacombe Lucien,* indicates, the central character always gives his name backwards, the way a bureaucracy would. Indeed, Lucien (Pierre Blaise) is himself nothing more than a petty bureaucrat, one of society's official and anonymous gangsters. As a teenager during the closing days of World War II in France, he falls in with the local Gestapo group and quickly shows himself a fitting associate for them. When he discovers a Jewish tailor (Holger Lowenadler) in hiding with his daughter and mother, Lucien terrorizes the whole family with his attentions to the daughter, eventually bringing about the arrest of all. In his relationship with this family, Lucien proves a young man who has needs and cravings, but no emotions—a wandering appetite, like a shark. Yet even to condemn him this way is to ennoble him unnecessarily and make him seem more interesting than he is. He doesn't have such stature, even as a brute. The



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French Underground won't have him (that's why he joins the Gestapo), and to be honest, Dostoyevsky's Underground wouldn't have had him either.

But something here is not—if you'll excuse, please, the appropriate expression—kosher. Malle has extraordinarily mixed feelings about Lucien, as his handling of Lucien's courtship with the tailor's daughter demonstrates. That courtship begins with a scene where Lucien makes the girl, France (Aurore Clement), jump a rationing queue, and it reaches a culmination of sorts when he takes her to a party at Gestapo headquarters. What these two scenes share is the blank but fixed way that Lucien stares at this hapless girl in them. We are soon to see that Lucien is capable of real brutality with France. But at the moment that he walks her to the front of the rationing queue, or into the dining room at headquarters, there is a quite ordinary moonishness in his attitude towards her.

For the moment at least, his lack of concern for her seems compounded with real affection. In both scenes it is just the girl he looks at and enjoys, not the way everyone else stares at them and wonders at his audacity. His actions spring from mere narrow-mindedness, for his field of vision as he gazes at her is literally too narrow for him to see the consequences of his attentions, especially for her. But in a way this selfishness of his comes across as a romantic, almost rebellious disregard for German anti-Semitism.

Eventually his disregard for the consequences even infects France's father. After years of cautious hiding he begins going out in public, at last paying a reckless visit to Lucien right at Gestapo headquarters and getting arrested. France has already allowed Lucien to make love to her despite her aversion to him, and now with her father out of the way she yields further. Even her grandmother, who has been in a state of silent, stony-faced rage throughout the film, finally smiles at the summer night when Lucien escapes to the mountains with her and France at the end of the German occupation. From an evil interloper in these people's lives, Lucien has become someone who unintentionally gives them joy.

Malle's sympathies are entirely suspect here because it would not be the first time that, having chosen a controversial and volatile subject, he soft-soaped the movie he made about it. This is precisely what he did in *Murmur of the Heart,* where he was so anxious to make incest palatable as drama that he let his characters have little life and fate of their own. We felt at every turn that Malle was meddling in his characters' lives in order to make their approaching sin acceptable to us. In *Lacombe Lucien* we feel the same way, particularly at moments like that when France's father conveniently eliminates himself so Lucien won't have to do so. It is as if Malle is constantly hedging against the possibility that his film might fail because of Lucien's vileness—as if Malle is so concerned Lucien will offend us by his very nature that he alters all the characters' natures to keep us in our seats.

On the other hand, though, this judgment is perhaps too harsh. Malle's failing here may not be that he is too sympathetic to Lucien, but too sympathetic to Lucien's victims. The relationship that Lucien develops with France, her father and her grandmother is finally comprehensible only as the relationship of the concentration-camp guard to his inmates. Like the guard and his prisoners, Lucien and France's family are ultimately united by their dependence on each other. France and her father come to behave as quirkily as Lucien does—they begin to reproduce Lucien's own disregard for them—because their isolation allows him to impose his values on them totally. What appears to be Malle's regard for Lucien may therefore be only France's regard for him, a regard born out of despair. But even if this is so, it does not rescue Malle's film. No matter how sympathetic we might feel toward France, her point of view is still a deranged one. To the extent that Malle allows it to dominate his film, he too becomes a victim of Lucien. He collaborates helplessly with the Collaborationists.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

JACK LINDEMAN

## *MAP READING*

I say there is more,
a cloud with its foam
oozing out of itself,
a burden of air,
while I accumulate seven oceans,
gallop along a longitude
with my fingernails scratching
the topography of lands unvisited.
These swell like mammals
wearing their young
in a sack
beneath their hearts.
This is purple or blue
& green on the water of things.
I cruise with my eye
or let my forefinger broadjump
from one meridian to another.
Here shall be trees
& there nothing but a bare sky
with an occasional buzzard
entering from the womb of the sun.
I know only names
guessing at mountains,
desiring grass
where none has ever been.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# FACING UP TO THE INESCAPABLE

VICTOR FERKISS

***The Denial of Death***

ERNEST BECKER

*Free Press, $7.95*

Death, the anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer once remarked, is the new obscenity, the reality which we cannot face just as our Victorian ancestors could not face the fact of sex, the unclean thing which we hide in our closets and make the subject of our dirty jokes and our pornography. Ask a contemporary theologian—other than an anti-intellectual fundamentalist—about death and you will be answered with an amused smile, silence, or studied unintelligibility. Yet death is what religion is all about, as ordinary men and women know. It is also what life is all about.

That death is likewise what the science of man is all about is the message of Ernest Becker's magnificent last book. In a supreme irony, Becker has only gained the notice he has long deserved through a Pulitzer prize awarded posthumously for this book. Yet *The Denial of Death* is not only the culmination but the triumph of Becker's attempt to create a meaningful "science of man." Trained as a cultural anthropologist, he has sought in a series of books—most noteworthily *The Structure of Evil* and *The Birth and Death of Meaning*—to reintegrate a search for ultimate values into the social sciences. His work received only limited recognition from his peers but struck such a receptive note among his students that when he was released by the University of California during its stormiest years, the student government raised the funds to pay his salary themselves. He chose instead to move to San Francisco State, but unable to work there, went on to self-imposed exile in Canada where he was teaching when he died at 49. This last book documents the extent of the loss that untimely death represents.

*The Denial of Death* attempts nothing less than a synthesis of the work of Freud and his successors and a reconciliation of the insights of psychoanalysis with religion. Becker's thesis, brilliantly and lucidly argued, is simple. The single great task of human beings is facing the inevitability of their death. Freud opened the way to our basic understanding of mental illness through his discovery that "repression is normal self-protection and creative self-restriction," but Freudianism "contains a powerful truth that is phrased in such a manner as to be untrue." Contrary to Freud, Becker asserts that "consciousness of death is the primary repression, not sexuality." The human animal must be conscious of death in order to struggle to preserve life, but cannot face the knowledge of death fully. He or she seeks escape in either the triviality of routine or in heroic achievement. Neurosis and schizophrenia are both different ways of avoiding the reality of death. Sex is often the occasion or locus of personality disorders because it dramatizes our animalness and contingency. Anality is likewise linked to our horror of decay and death. Freud's central error was in fetishizing the symbols of our deeper problem, our knowledge that we live in a body which must die.

For Becker life is not a structure of illusions generated by the repression of sexuality and aggression, but a structure of illusions resulting from the fear of death. Psychoanalysis may be of marginal help to us in understanding the genesis and locus of particular neuroses, but this enlightenment simply leaves us naked before the root of all neuroisis, our creatureliness. For Becker, the greatest thinker in the psychoanalytic tradition is Otto Rank, on whose ideas he bases much of his own thinking, and he agrees with Rank that psychoanalysis is a "preponderately negative and disintegrating ideology." "Psychology as self-knowledge is self-deception," in Rank's words, because it does not give men what they want, immortality.

Freud, Becker asserts, is right in his basic premise that we cannot live without illusion, but the real question is what is the "life-enhancing illusion," what provides "the fitting kind of beyond, the one in which you find it most natural to practice self-criticism and self-idealization." Kierkegaard, he argues, anticipated virtually all Freud's insights, and more validly so, in his thinking on anxiety and on the need for acceptance of creatureliness. Rank was brought—correctly—to the same conclusion that "the only way out of human conflict is full renunciation, to give one's life as a gift to the highest powers" and that, in Rank's words, the "need for a truly religious ideology . . . is inherent in human nature and is basic to any kind of social life." Freud abhorred religion because he could not take "the step from scientific to religious creatureliness," and made the psychoanalytic movement his own death-denying illusion.

Becker is less than clear about his own religious position, however, since it was still evolving at the time he was writing this book and when he died. In a poignant hospital bed interview with Sam Keen shortly before his own death (*Psychology Today*, April 1974), Becker told how he had come to believe in God with the birth of his first child. He could write that religion solved the problem of transference "by expanding awe and terror to the cosmos where they belonged" and that "the personality can truly begin to emerge



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in religion because God . . . does not oppose the individual as others do." But he also accepted the general intellectual convention that "what characterizes modern life is the failure of all traditional immortality ideologies to absorb and quicken man's hunger for self-perpetuation and heroism," and he found in Kierkegaard's failure to live up to the implications of his own ideal of the Knight of Faith a source of discouragement. Above all, Becker realized that faith is a gift of grace.

Becker's failure to fully resolve the problem of religion for himself is indicated by his ambivalent attitude toward hope. His earlier works—especially *The Structure of Evil*—had sought to absorb Freudian-induced pessimism about human nature back into the Enlightenment tradition and to replace the tyranny of instinct with belief in the social origins of anti-social behavior, but in his later years he became somewhat less optimistic. He regarded Norman O. Brown and Herbert Marcuse as having made great contributions to human self-understanding but as faithless to their own insights when they asserted that men could live without repression. At the same time he agreed with Erich Fromm that men "had to leave tragedy behind as part of a program to awaken some kind of creative effort" in the world, and replied to Fromm's critics that if Fromm was a "Rabbi at heart" then "If the alternative is fatalistic acceptance of the present human condition then each of us is a rabbi—or had better be." Unable to see how the therapeutic revolution could affect the great masses of humanity, he accepted Freud's statement that "Men are doomed to live in an overwhelmingly tragic and demonic world." Yet he still held out hope that religion could give meaning to life, and advised that mankind should wait "in a condition of openness toward miracle and mystery . . . awe-filled creatures trying to live in harmony with the rest of creation."

*The Denial of Death* is thus both a great and an imperfect book. It testifies to a journey undertaken but never completely finished.

I last saw Ernest Becker when he was at home resting after his first operation for the cancer that was to soon kill him, during a brief period when we were academic colleagues. He noted with ironic satisfaction my news that a noted sociologist of our acquaintance was now publicly proclaiming the importance of values to the social sciences, a position Becker had throughout his life advocated to his own peril. We talked of the terrible agony even the experienced writer undergoes in trying to say what he means as he envisions it. Yet it was an agony from which he was unable to recoil, since he knew it was his calling.

Becker concludes his last contribution to our knowledge of ourselves by saying that all any of us can do to meet the challenge of death—which he realizes is ultimately the challenge of faith—is "to fashion something—an object or ourselves—and drop it into the confusion, make an offering of it so to speak to the life force." *The Denial of Death* is the final building block in Becker's offering and it is a worthy one, a moving, important and necessary work that speaks not only to the social scientists and theologians but to all of us finite creatures.

***The Shade Seller***

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN

*Doubleday, $5.95*

***An Attic of Ideals***

KAREN SWENSON

*Doubleday, $5.95*

**CLAIRE HAHN**

For one trapped moment I felt I had walked into a situation I've squirmed to evade. Here were two volumes of poems by women for me to review. Would I be writing about my "sisters" and their agon in the supermarket, their death by water in the washing machine? But Karen Swenson and Josephine Jacobsen are nothing so simple as feminists. They are women and they are also poets. The marriage the reader is called to celebrate is the happy wedding of word, form, and experience.

Although it is true that Swenson's poems grow from the matrix of experiences dealt with by women's liberation groups, she has none of the strident polemics that make many of us wince against the truths proclaimed. Her theme is loneliness: separate women-isolated men live together by the social rules which short-circuit communication. But her poems discover again that poetry is not the prisoner of its themes. Rather it creates a coherence that is not partisan, not debatable. It makes a small world but does not try to change the large world; poetry, as Auden said, "makes nothing happen."

Just as she avoids the temptation to make a prose case, so Swenson overcomes the problems of much contemporary poetry. It is precisely in the formal control this artist is able to maintain as she deals with painful material that her success lies. Contemporary poetry, British and American, is the heir to the Romantic movement in its insistence that the response of self to the outside world is the only valid province of poetic exploration. As poets pursue their insights to the extreme verge of breakdown, many, often successful poets, demand that their emotion create form. But the more intensely subjective the experience, the more precise and delicate must be the artist's control.

Karen Swenson's small volume, her first book of poems, is divided into three parts. She looks at women in part one—at Dietrich, "her figure, plastic as an airline dinner," at Virginia who has been slowly dismembered on the operating table until she stands "wearing her scars behind the soft sculpture of foam," at Hecuba who hides behind a mask "taut and intransigent as the glaze on my best china." In one splendid and terrifying sequence of three brief poems Swenson takes us to a nursing home. A ninety-year-old woman, rouge on "the cracked china of her cheeks" smiles at a world her visitors cannot see before "Flat white shoes/ put her away unbroken."

Man's plight is no less severe than woman's. In part two of her volume



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Swenson describes "The Divorced Man" who takes his child to the museum and watches "his wife's face in the soliloquy of his son's smile." But she is not without hope for this world. In part three she explores in a tentative, unresolved sequence, the possibility of communication. In "The Quarrel" a man and woman sit at a breakfast table and if their love is oppressive and mute, it, like "a moth with a torn wing,/lurches a path across the table."

Not every poem in this volume is an unqualified success, but *An Attic of Ideals* is much more than promising. Swenson's uncannily powerful imagery causes us to sit in her skin. Her poetry achieves what every poet must strive for: imaginative validity.

Josephine Jacobsen's sensibility is no less feminine than that of Karen Swenson but Jacobsen's poetic achievement is totally other. Poetry Consultant for the Library of Congress since 1971, prize-winning short story writer, and drama critic, Josephine Jacobsen's voice is assured and quiet. The surface of her poems is calm, deceptively so. She is a brilliant technician capable of fascinating the reader with rhythm and texture, of lulling him to sensuous rest by the purest poetry Then she abruptly catches him by the throat with the revelation of some terrifying primal truth.

Jacobsen's poetry is not limited or easily categorized, however. The range of her subject matter is wide and her vision often wryly compassionate. The most commonplace object elicits her meditative attention. She actually writes a poem about a dishwasher and makes it a comment on the human predicament. But it is in her incredibly penetrating vision of civilization transparently superimposed on the primitive forces of nature that she is most powerful. "Bush Christmas Eve" is a marvelous poem, reminiscent in theme of Blake's "Tiger." In the poem Jacobsen has her persona remember the mild animals in pictures of the crèche as she looks out at "the green jelly of Hyena's eye" and sees the crocodile grinning at "the oldest coldest jest." The poem concludes with a stunning act of faith:

> Welcome. I cannot bless
> that green, that grin.
> You who imagined them, bless
> them by coming.
>
> And since I bless
> your coming, why, I praise
> and bless what you imagined,
> with you between them.
> Only come.

Her awareness of the wild, harsh beauty of the primitive inevitably invites comparison with D.H. Lawrence. Jacobsen's "The Wild Parrots of Bloody Bay," "The Foreign Lands," "Future Green," are not Lawrentian footnotes or echoes but she shares with him the authoritative power of expressing an acute perception of other modes of existence than the human.

These are poems informed by wisdom and passion. The title poem of her volume suggests Jacobsen's ideal. She is a "shade seller." In the "candescent sand and a great noise of heat" that is the contemporary world, she speaks the word of her poetry, "heavy/and wide and green." A reader steps gratefully into that shade. It offers respite, a place of perspective. Josephine Jacobsen is an important voice in contemporary American poetry.

## *Filled With New Wine: The Charismatic Renewal of the Church*

JAMES W. JONES

*Harper & Row*, $5.95

**MICHAEL F. McCAULEY**

Reviewing James W. Jones' *Filled With New Wine* presented this reviewer with a double challenge. First, it has been my opinion that the "Charismatic Renewal" of mainline churches, while touted by the media, has been elitist, anti-intellectual, neo-Gnostic and, quite frankly, dangerously hovering on the edge of sanity. Eccentric behavior and isolationist tendencies of a good many of those "born-again" Christians and tongue-speakers—"I had been baptized a Roman Catholic shortly after I was born, but I became a Christian when I was baptized in the Spirit," I was once told—were obviously divisive. Yet I could easily ignore the marginal "crazies" and merely grumble to myself every time I heard of some newly-formed charismatic prayer group, until the famous Notre Dame convention that drew some 30,000 Catholic Pentecostals and the enthusiastic endorsement of none other than Cardinal Suenens. Either liberal Suenens had been conned or perhaps I had better revise my harsh, yet realistic, objections. (My original opinions about elitism have, of course, been vindicated; Cardinal Suenens has announced he will only accept speaking engagements that permit him to hold forth on Pentecostalism, and charismatic Catholics in the Twin Cities have circulated a list of "Spirit and non-Spirit" priests.)

The second challenge I faced in reviewing *Filled With New Wine* was the dust-jacket description of the book and author Jones—himself an ordained Episcopal clergyman and active charismatic—and the accompanying endorsements. One heralded the book as "one of the sanest and most honest presentations of charismatic revival I have yet encountered," while the other assured, "Exactly the balanced and informative book many are looking for at this time."

Well, you can imagine my quandary. On the one hand, I had little desire to know more about charismatics than I already did; but on the other hand, a "sane" and "balanced" explanation of *why* these people do what they do would certainly be worthwhile, given all the polemical charismatic publications that glut bookstores. Having read *Filled With New Wine* I can report that my prejudgments of the book were absolutely right—almost.

It must be firmly asserted that Dr. Jones is not only "sane" and "balanced"; he is also reasonable, honest and, up to a point, open to criticism and disagreement. And these qualities, when combined with an informative style, make *Filled With New Wine* enjoyable reading.

However, there are two points Dr. Jones makes with which I must take



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

issue. In the Preface, Jones claims that the charismatic renewal of the church is "*the* movement that can renew the churches, if they are open to it." Underlying the whole of *Filled With New Wine* is the assurance that charismatics, if they are properly understood and openly accepted, can effect—by permitting the Spirit to work in a unique way through them—the renewal of the church that others have (in the opinion of some) miserably bungled. Admittedly, this is a monumental undertaking, not unprecedented in the history of the church and for that reason justifiably suspect in its magnanimity. And, cleverly, Dr. Jones places the success or failure of the charismatic movement and its proposed renewal right in the collective laps of regular church-goers. For if the rest of us fail to understand and accept the charismatic, what can we possibly expect?

Jones must be credited, though, for appreciating the inherent obsolescence of the charismatic movement. "The goal of Pentecostal churches and charismatic communities alike ought to be to put themselves out of business, pointing to the time when all churches will be thus revitalized. . . ." This is Jones the realist who sees that any charismatic identity separate from mainstream Christianity is temporary and not to be stubbornly sustained. Yet Jones the charismatic slips in the age-old "savior complex:" "In weighing the charismatic movement . . . one ought to take off his shoes, for one is on holy ground—looking at something that lies at the heart of God's vision for this world." This, I suggest, borders on demagoguery and convinces me that my initial misgivings about the movement were accurate.

In all fairness, the care Dr. Jones exercises in avoiding an excessive concentration on glossolalia must be applauded. The media have sufficiently hyped tongue-speaking so that most people are at least perplexed if not mildly irritated. Jones assiduously stresses that coverage which emphasizes emotional aspects of Pentecostalism, without equal emphasis on the intellectual, is misleading and grossly exaggerates the facts. Nevertheless, glossolalia must be mentioned and *Filled With New Wine* offers a modest explanation of the phenomenon.

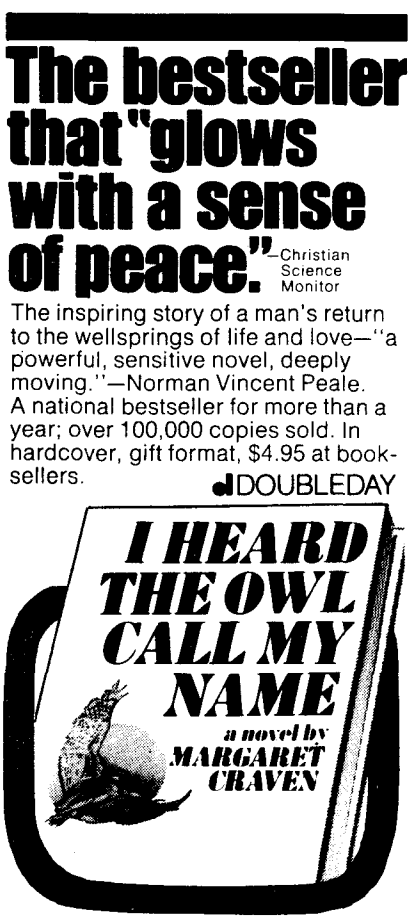
Yet once again Dr. Jones' explanation is perhaps a bit deceptive. Speaking in tongues, he maintains, "is not primarily intended for the understanding. . . ." The "gift of interpreting" tongues is called into active service because glossolalia is unintelligible—even to those who glossolalize. This is comparable to Humpty Dumpty's officious announcement to poor Alice that when *he* uses a word it means exactly what he chooses it to mean. Glossolalia means just what the interpreters choose it to mean. (If my memory of ancient Greek history is accurate, the Delphic oracle engaged in similar unintelligible utterings which were dutifully translated into common parlance by one gifted in the ways of interpreting. And the sun also rises.)

Granted, charismatic glossolalists are not, because they are what they are, any more psychologically unbalanced than the rest of us. Yet, as Father Anthony Archer recently wrote in the English Dominican monthly *New Blackfriars*: "There could hardly be a neater way of distinguishing a group from wider society or from their coreligionists. . . . Glossolalia can be produced with great ease. . . . Some instruction is usually given ranging from the laconic direction to just make sounds and the Lord will take over, to the actual suggestion of the syllables to repeat until the Lord does take over."

In this, as in other "gifts of the Spirit," charismatics emulate the first Pentecost as it is related in the New Testament. Since I am not versed in either exegesis or biblical socio-cultural history, I hesitate to dismiss whatever charismatic experiences may have taken place in the early church. At the same time, however, I cannot help but note that many charismatics—and especially Jones in *Filled With New Wine*—tend to dismiss Christianity's development in the nineteen hundred years following the first Pentecost.

Unquestionably, as Dr. Jones argues, Christians are alienated from the church. And renewal "programs imposed from above will not invigorate the life of the congregation." But why is it always necessary that renewal be either hierarchically ordained and thus irrelevant, or initiated at the grassroots as a return to a nascent Christianity, oftentimes ignoring history as well as the present?

*Filled With New Wine* is a frustrat-



The bestseller that "glows with a sense of peace."—Christian Science Monitor
The inspiring story of a man's return to the wellsprings of life and love—"a powerful, sensitive novel, deeply moving."—Norman Vincent Peale. A national bestseller for more than a year; over 100,000 copies sold. In hardcover, gift format, $4.95 at booksellers.
DOUBLEDAY
I HEARD THE OWL CALL MY NAME
a novel by MARGARET CRAVEN


## REVIEWERS

VICTOR FERKISS teaches in the Department of Government at Georgetown University.

CLAIRE HAHN is an assistant professor in the English Department at Fordham University.

MICHAEL F. MCCAULEY is a member of the staff of the Thomas More Association in Chicago.

JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN is an assistant professor in the Political Science department at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing book; it is an ably written and ostensibly balanced presentation. It does, however, hint that although charismatics are currently "toning down their sense of uniqueness," in actuality they are engaging in a waiting game, fervently hoping that we will become like them before their enthusiasm fizzles out.

## *Civilized Man's Eight Deadly Sins*

KONRAD LORENZ

*Harcourt Bruce, $4.95*

**JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN**

Konrad Lorenz is one of the founding fathers of the science of ethology, the study of animal behavior. He, together with Karl van Frisch and Nikolaas Tinbergen, received the 1973 Nobel Prize in Medicine for his pioneering efforts in this field. Alas, whatever Lorenz's work may have in telling us important things about the behavior and habits of geese, dogs, ducks and fish, it adds little to our understanding of the life of human beings in modern society. *Civilized Man's Eight Deadly Sins* was preceded by Lorenz's celebrated work, *On Aggression,* in which he contended that man possessed an instinctual aggressive drive which he would invariably direct against his own species. This "natural" aggressivity was implicated in all manner of destructive behavior, from two-person fights to international wars. Lorenz's solutions to the problem of aggression included "working it out" through international sports competition and, somehow, encouraging people to laugh more.

Unfortunately, *Civilized Man's Eight Deadly Sins,* like *On Aggression,* explains too much with too little. It is depressing when a distinguished scientist engages in the systematic vulgarization of his own work, but this is precisely what Lorenz is guilty of when he attempts to elucidate complex human systems with analogies to malignant tumors, the wings of the Argus cock, and the treatment of exophthalmic goiters. It simply isn't particularly helpful to label the problems of modern civilization "pathological." Where is the doctor who will "cure" us? What methods will this doctor employ—therapy, radical surgery? Lorenz is weak on what the doctor should prescribe but he leaves little doubt as to who the doctor ought to be—namely, the scientist: "It is up to the scientists to find means of *checking* this diabolical oscillation." (The "diabolical oscillation" in question is the cycle of youth rebellion-right-wing reaction Lorenz posits as some sort of historic constant.) Apparently Lorenz believes that scientists are sufficiently removed from the troubles of their times to stand apart from events and to give a clear, "objective" analysis.

Lorenz views himself as a prophet crying in the wilderness. The lamentations of Lorenz focus on what he calls the "deadly sins" of civilized man. These 'sins' are overpopulation, ecological destruction, 'man's race against himeself', the entropy of emotions, genetic decay, the break with tradition, human 'indoctrinability,' and nuclear weapons. What emerges from Lorenz's discussion of each of these 'sins' is largely an inchoate set of unsubstantiated generalizations all of which serve to condemn modern, urban society and to celebrate the putative 'good old days' of the pastoral past.

Rather than reviewing all eight 'sins', I will focus instead on several of Lorenz's inconsistencies and on the prejudices which leap out from virtually every page. Lorenz, for example, is never clear about what constitutes an "instinct," nor what distinguishes an instinct from "innate programming" or a number of other terms he employs. He maintains that man is "helplessly at the mercy of the satanic workings of intraspecific selection," and that modern man "rushes, not only because he is propelled by greed, for this alone would not induce him to ruin his health, but because he is *driven,* and what drives him can only be fear." Whence arises this fear? Is fear an instinct? In another context he refers to "reflection" as one of man's "most essential properties." Is an "essential property" akin to, or identical with, an instinct? The reader is left to guess.

The most ominous implications of Lorenz's book lie in his section on the 'sin' of genetic decay." Lorenz, I fear, fails to recognize the retrogressive ideologies and policies his arguments logically feed. In his attempt to undercut the presumptions of the behavioralists who, he asserts quite correctly, overestimate the malleability and plasticity of human beings operating, as they do, from a belief in man as a *tabula rasa,* Lorenz has gone completely in the other direction. He offers in lieu of the "blank slate" an instinctual, innately programmed, rather nasty creature. Neither of these contrast models is edifying and neither is necessary. Surely man is both determined and determining and there *is* a *via media* between plasticity and intractability; more importantly, both the behavioristic and the instinctual-innate theories can serve as rationales for repression.

Lorenz, for example, speaks of "parasites" of the human variety. How does one ordinarily treat a harmful parasite? He believes that criminal behavior rests on the "genetic defects of innate social behavior patterns and inhibitions. . . ." Terrible damage has been done, he avers, by the acceptance of the lunatic notion that "all men are born equal" (which Lorenz has incorrectly interpreted to mean "all men are identical to one another"). The United States is in especially bad shape because of our "justifiable but excessive" youth rebellion. To include a discourse on youth rebellion within the context of a discussion on the 'sin' of genetic decay is to prejudice that discussion and to hold it against youthful protest.

Lorenz mentions an adolescent German who killed his grandmother over some minor offense. This young man, he writes, "was, of course, mentally deficient." Presumably one cannot (or ought not) to generalize from the single case of a mentally deficient youth murdering his grandmother to political and social rebellion by young people. And Lorenz doesn't . . . not quite; however, in the next paragraph he begins with the words: "Countless young people are hostile to modern society and to their parents." With the image of a



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

murdered grandmother fresh in his mind, the reader easily slides into Lorenz's assertion that modern youth feel a diffuse "hostility" towards their elders. The two phenomena are additionally linked for the reader as he or she encounters Lorenz's repeated use of highly emotive language ("progressive infantilism and increasing juvenile delinquency . . .", "decay of genetically anchored social behavior"). It becomes a matter of simple "logic" for the reader to wind up agreeing with Lorenz that "genetic decay" will usher in "the apocalypse in a particularly horrible form."

Although Lorenz states that his fears of genetic decay apply only to "rapidly spreading juvenile criminality but not to the world-wide rebellion of modern youth," just four pages later he notes: "The revolt of modern youth is founded on hatred. . . ." And, further on, he indicates that the older generation, albeit hazily, accurately perceives that the "ostensible protests" of youth are in reality "insults and aggressivity fueled by hatred."

What, given Lorenz's analysis of the problems, is to be done? In the case of genetic decay, Lorenz sees mankind's "natural" and "mysterious" sense of justice rising up to triumph over decadent tolerance. (For Lorenz, the "natural sense of justice" seems roughly coterminous with a demand for law and order and an assertion of the primacy of the group.) Society will somehow rid itself of or protect itself from "deviants." To atone for the 'sin' of breaking with the past, more authoritarian patterns of bringing up children should be reinstitutionalized, the father must be restored to his rightful place (on top) in the "rank order" of things, and women must return to devoting "full time" to their children.

Lorenz's answers to our contemporary dilemma create a vision of a verdant, rural past in which people grew vegetables, tended animals, lived in villages, ostracized deviants, disciplined 'parasites,' respected their elders, and recognized the "rank order of things." His analysis of the present rests both on this image of a better society (the romanticized past) and on a simplistic biologism. Most importantly: Lorenz refuses to recognize the policies towards persons his theory implicitly supports. As political theorists Charles Taylor and William E. Connolly have pointed out, to accept an explanatory theory is to implicate oneself in a corollary set of normative judgments generated by that theory whether these judgments are made explicit by the theorist or not.

Konrad Lorenz should ask himself: how would a government which adopted my view of 'genetic decay' treat youthful offenders? Lorenz may distinguish, however fuzzily, between "criminality" and "youth rebellion," but many who accept his explanation are likely to make no such distinctions—particularly if they share with Lorenz a view of man as *homo homini lupus*, man as a predator on his fellows. If people and societies are constituted, at least in part, by the beliefs and concepts they adopt, the scientific expert should be extraordinarily responsible in advancing certain propositions because these propositions, once advanced, become a part of the reality they purport to 'describe' or explain. Lorenz fails this test of responsibility. That, to me, is the scientist's "deadly sin."

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

***Michael Novak (Cont.)***

behavior.

In taking on human flesh, God accepted the restrictions and the limitations of this bi-sexual concrete world. A human God could not be everything at once, a member of every race, of every time, of every social class, of both sexes. Perhaps the interpretation we are called upon to give to God's choice is that a transformation wrought in the male more sharply revealed the impact of divine life in the actual conditions of history. Whatever the symbolism and its intention, God became man in Jesus. The meaning is intended to humble.

But there is also another form of symbolism: not of the body but of the spirit. It is not difficult to imagine a woman presiding over the Eucharist, deeply united to the Lord, a humble servant of the people. If the Spirit of God possesses her, if she speaks and acts with the humble authority that comes from the Gospels, we have great need of such priests, masculine or feminine.

It is not her womanness that qualifies her for, or disqualifies her from, the priesthood; it is the grace that abounds, the call, the quality of the spirit. The ordination of women is not a political but a spiritual issue. Holiness in the end will win what tactics may not. It will, in any case, be the only justification for the outcome.

Holiness is no respecter of sex; it

**LEARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, then come for at least a month to CIDOC in Cuernavaca. One-time registration fee $100. Weekly tuition $50. Participation in other CIDOC events $3 weekly. For complete catalog, write CIDOC, Apdo. 479, Cuernavaca, Mexico.**

# Classified

RATES: 60c a word, one time; 57c, three times; 54c, seven times; 51c, thirteen times. Twelve words *minimum*. For box numbers add 50c per insertion. Classified payable with order; monthly in advance for more than three times. COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.

**Books Printed**

BOOKS PRINTED from well-typed manuscripts. BIOGRAPHY PRESS, Rt. 1-745, Aransas Pass, Texas 78336.

**Theology**

Godfrey Diekmann, O.S.B., Louis Bouyer and Dr. Paul Minear are three of the visiting professors for the Spring Term, 1975, Department of Theology, Catholic University, Washington, D.C. Contact: Fr. James Coriden, Department of Theology, CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, Washington, D.C. 20064.

**Documents**

DOCUMENTS OF VATICAN II, 788 pages. Was $2.25, now $1.25, 2/$2. JOHN O'BRIEN, 1028 Garvin Pl., Louisville, Ky. 40203.

**Positions Open**

WANTED: TWO Religion Education specialists to coordinate a total family centered program using "Paulist" or a similar course. Begin in August of 1975. Contact: RELIGION COORDINATOR, Andalusia, Illinois 61232.

**Bihar**

IN ONE OF INDIA'S hardest hit regions a Carmelite convent seeks help for the children of the poor Santhal tribes they are feeding, clothing and educating in their primary school. They are hard hit by the inflation and food shortages. Donations should be sent to: Sister Maureen, Superior, Carmel Convent, Madhupur S.P., Bihar, India. (Airmail, 26c)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Give Commonweal this Christmas

A gift subscription to *Commonweal* last Christmas has provided the recipients with such timely features as the following, all through 1974:

*Women in the Priesthood* by Clara Maria Hennings
*The Vatican* by Peter Hebblethwaite
*The Politics of Hunger* by Richard Neuhaus
*Divorce and Remarriage* by David S. Toolan
*Energy: End of an Era?* by Michael Kennedy
*Pentagon Spies at the White House* by Peter J. Ognibene
*Vietnam: We Must Not Forget* by George W. Webber
*Liberating Portuguese Africa* by Joseph P. Carney
*George Orwell and the American Character* by Katharine Byrne
An Interview with Heinrich Boll
*Walker Percy and the Self* by Lewis Jerome Taylor, Jr.
*Right-to-Reply Laws* by Thomas Powers
*Law, Morals and Abortion* by Daniel A. Degnan
*Protecting the Unborn* by Paul Ramsey
*Feeding the Unfed* by Martin M. McLaughlin
Columns by Sisyphus, Michael Novak and Abigail McCarthy
*Chile: Terror by Computer* by Gary MacEoin
*Solzhenitsyn's Long Cry of Rage* by Saul Maloff
*The Vaticanizing of American Art* by Frank Getlein
*Arms Sales: The Economics of Death* by Douglas Mattern
Commonweal's 50th Anniversary Issue
*Catholics in South Vietnam* by Jayne Werner

This year's Christmas gift subscriptions to *Commonweal* will bring a year's equally rewarding abundance of good reading to the friends and relatives you designate. If you prefer, order now and we will bill you after New Year's.

**CHRISTMAS ORDER FORM**

**Please send these friends a gift subscription at the special Christmas Rates: 1 Subscription, $15; each additional, $12** (Add $2 for postage outside U.S. and Canada)

Name _____
Street _____
City, State, Zip _____
New ☐ Renewal ☐

Name _____
Street _____
City, State, Zip _____
New ☐ Renewal ☐

*MY NAME IS*
Name _____
Street _____
City, State, Zip _____
11-29-74

*COMMONWEAL*
**232 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016**


comes as grace in equal abundance to men and women. But cultural symbolism *is* a respecter of sex. There are perhaps elements in the Catholic priesthood whose significance depends upon their embodiment in males, and is falsified by the ordination of females. I do not at present see what those elements might be. But I am troubled by a sense that more is involved in such matters than a modern, secular education allows us to notice; compared to persons in other ages and other cultures, we appear to be among the least sensitive to the power and significance of symbols—even those by which we ourselves are moved.

I am in favor of the ordination of women. For women as for men, ordination will be a day of dread as well as joy; no one can live up to it. For the Catholic people, the ordination of women would be the launching of major—perhaps constructive, perhaps destructive—symbolic currents.

Still, on the larger question, I wish we knew more about the balance of the masculine and the feminine in the Catholic symbol system. The symbol system is already, as Nietzsche saw, heavily weighted on the feminine side. No doubt the church's administration should more nearly reflect feminine symbols; an all-male presence—as on an all-male campus—stifles something in the spirit. Perhaps that is where the present system is shortcircuited.

It is possible that women priests conspicuous by their holiness of life will give the entire ministry one of those periodic impulses of renewal which in Catholic history have been so necessary, and so thankfully received. We need some sound and bracing argument on all sides of this issue, so that we may see more clearly what we are doing.

## CORRESPONDENCE

*(Continued from page 203)*

genes, psychic input, and social and cultural experiences. What he does with his gift of homosexuality will determine his moral character.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There are a small number of people in our society who are midgets. We may not like the characteristic of shortness, but most of us don't make the mistake of describing this condition as "failing" or as "sin." Our homosexual brothers and sisters deserve the same intelligent rationale.

SISTER DELORES KINCAIDE, S.L.

### New Nuns

Chicago, Ill.

*To the Editors:* I have just read "The New Nuns" [Sept. 27] by Margaret M. Carlan. The first part of the article, if it was meant to be a convention report, was too concise to do justice to the powerful mandates given by each of the Convention speakers.

I had attended NAWR conventions before and my impression of the St. Louis meeting was that this was the first time that nuns were no longer looking at themselves but at the issues they could confront in the world today. After all, the reason for the founding of religious orders was to take care of the needs prevalent at a certain time in history.

Today the needs are not so different from those of earlier days but the magnitude of them has shifted. There are undoubtedly more people. But more of them are poor, more of them are old, more of them are unemployed, more of them are in a variety of institutions and there are still those who need to be educated and nursed to health.

These are the things that were given importance and attention at the Convention. I find it unfortunate that Ms. Carlan's emphasis was on "Probing the image of the nun today." The convention, it seems to me, was the culmination of a year-long program followed by nuns throughout the states called "Probing the Gospel." That should have been the title and the emphasis of the article.

SISTER MARY MUNCH

*Chicago, Ill.:*

*To the Editors:* Margaret M. Carlan's piece on the National Assembly of Women Religious (Sept. 27) fails to note the consistency of NAWR's support of the Episcopal bishops and women involved in the Philadelphia ordination with its request for the restoration of the diaconate for women in the Roman Catholic Church. In both cases NAWR is supporting the *women* who, sensing a call to ordained ministry, have conscientiously prepared for this ministry and then organized to effect changes in the church laws. Episcopal women, already deacons, judged that an "irregular ceremony" was in order, and NAWR extended support. The strategy of a significant group of Roman Catholic laywomen and sisters who feel called to ordained ministry happens to be different. These women, who comprise the U.S. section of the International Association of Women Aspiring to Presbyteral Ministry (led by Mary B. Lynch, former social worker for Catholic Charities in Columbus, O. and 1974 graduate of the Indianapolis Seminary Foundation), judged that the restoration of the diaconate in 1974 would be a reasonable first step toward full ordained ministry, and NAWR supported them by reiterating its 1971 position on the need to restore the diaconate to women.

Both resolutions, it seems to me, illustrate a willingness to affirm the women who are laying their lives on the line (and, in the case of the Roman Catholics particularly, financing the kind of theological educations that are so heavily subsidized for their brothers) in their efforts to live their Christian vocations in the ways that they judge best.

For the record, let me say that if NAWR did not speak out on ordination to priesthood and episcopacy for Roman Catholic women this time, the reason has much more to do with realism and fairly workable objectives (we do plan to meet again in 1975) than with an "identity problem."

Finally, on the subject of "identity problems," why is it that Carlan makes so much of disagreements on the assembly floor over matters of such complexity as the movement for the liberation of women and the ways of communicating more effectively? Are sisters still supposed to think alike? And who in this century can fail to have some kind of "identity problem?" (My own guess is that identity problems now come with the effects of original sin for everybody.) And yet Carlan implies that what she views as an identity problem has dashed the "best hope" of many for "true church renewal." Latent in her final remarks seems to be the view that once upon a time we had hoped in the "new nuns" but now we can no longer do this. Perhaps she over-idealized the "new-nuns" just as so many have over-idealized the "old nuns."

I think what NAWR is saying in its better moments (on which Carlan preferred not to dwell) is, "hope not *in* us, but *with* us in Christ." (If we saw it all so clearly, it would hardly be faith or hope at all.) And the active presence of so many NAWR members at the triennial assembly of Church Women United in Memphis Oct. 10-13 is but one instance of our desire not simply to hope with but also to work with other religiously committed persons in what is sure to be a long hard pull toward global justice.

S. ANNE E. PATRICK, SNJM
Chairperson, Committee on Women in Church and Society
National Assembly of Women Religious

*Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.*

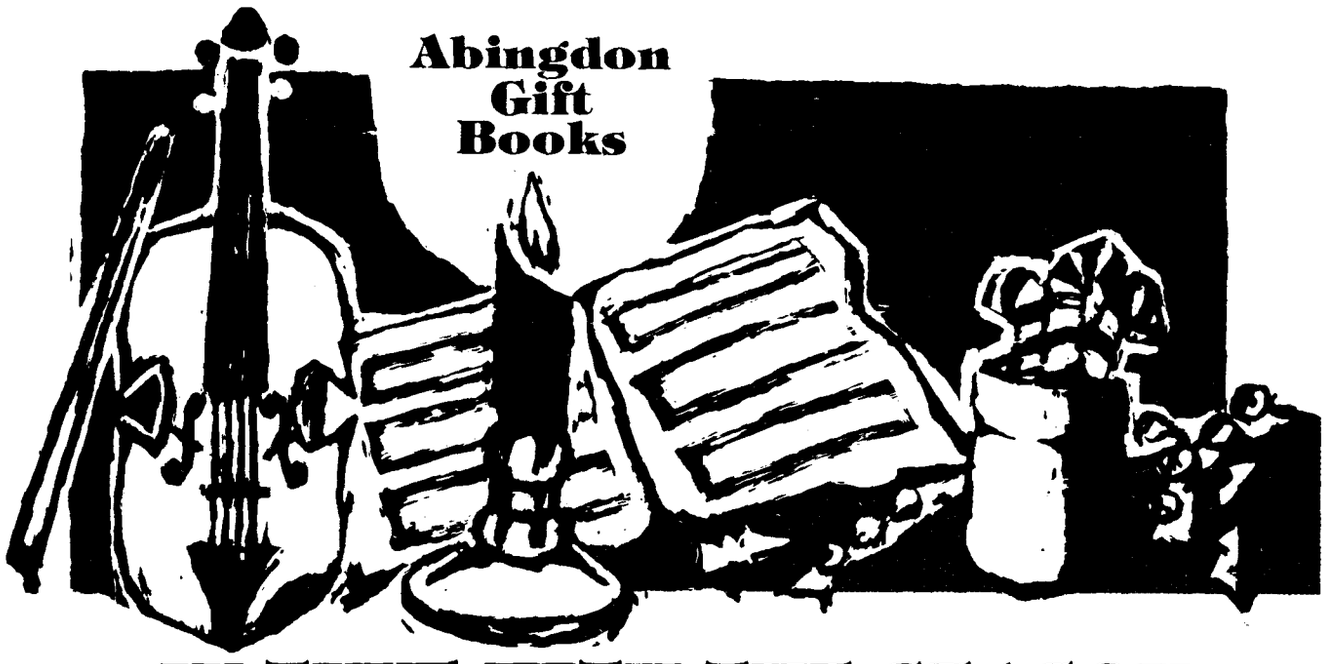

**Commonweal Papers: 5**

**1 to 9 copies, $1 each**
**10 to 49, 75¢ each**
**50 or more, 60¢ each**

**Circulation Dept., Commonweal**
**232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016**




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




# IN TUNE WITH THE SEASON

**The Good Times Songbook**
For gather 'round the piano singing and guitar fun, for leading, accompanying, or teaching informal singing—amateur and professional—this collection belongs in every Christmas stocking! 160 songs plus complete vocal scores, clever illustrations, background information, and other special features. *Illustrated in color.* James Leisy. $12.95

**The Good Times Songbook**
*Singer's Edition*
Lyrics, melody lines, and chords for each of the 160 songs. Perfect for family get-togethers, choirs, scouts, camp leaders, etc. $1.50, paper

## *FOR THE FAMILY*

**Sidelights on the American Revolution**
Little-known facts about people, places, and events of the Revolutionary War. Learn about our first woman soldier, intriguing kidnapping attempts, Benjamin Franklin's Tory son, and much more! A great gift idea! Webb Garrison. $5.95

**The Trees of Christmas**
A book to treasure after Christmas is gone! Handsome, full-color photography reveals twenty-three international Christmas trees with step-by-step directions for handmade decorations. $8.95

**Bless This Mess and Other Prayers**
Every housewife will appreciate this collection of 96 "plain talks with God" by popular writing team, Jo Carr and Imogene Sorley. $2.95

**Meditations for the Later Years**
Inspirational messages, prayers, and thoughtful suggestions on rewarding steps for the retired person. *Printed in large type for easier reading enjoyment.* Josephine Robertson. $3.50

**Celebrate—Advent Tape**
Make this Christmas a special spiritual experience! Excellent for families as well as ministers, this 60-minute cassette tape provides new ideas for working through Christmas worship. *Complete with printed guide.* Dennis Benson. $7.95

## *MUSTS FOR THE MINISTER*

**The Interpreter's Bible**
Introduction to each book of the Bible, exegeses, expositions, articles on both Testaments and the Apocrypha. George A. Buttrick, editor. Each volume, $9.95; 12-volume set, $99.50

**The Interpreter's Dictionary of the Bible**
A four-volume illustrated guide explaining the people, animals, plant life, and artifacts of the entire Bible. 32 pages of illustrations, 24 pages of full-color maps. Four-volume set, $49.95

**The Interpreter's One-Volume Commentary on the Bible**
Scholars of Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish origin contribute up-to-date commentaries on both Testaments and the Apocrypha. Based on the RSV Bible. Chronology, full-color maps, and 140 photos. Charles M. Laymon, editor. Reg. edition, $17.50; thumb-indexed, $19.50

## *LARGE PRINT FOR EASY READING*

**By the River of No Return**
Rancher, pastor, parent, and outdoorsman—Don Ian Smith reflects upon the rhythm of life in central Idaho's Salmon River country. 18 meditations. $5.95

**The Will of God**
Leslie D. Weatherhead, world-renowned minister, discusses the three dimensions of God's will—intentional, circumstantial, and ultimate. $5.95

**Everyday Religion**
A favorite for two decades! Wise counsel on "how to give ourselves, to forgive others, and to live with thanksgiving." Joseph Fort Newton. $7.95

**Riches of the Kingdom**
With original poetry and a discerning heart, Grace Noll Crowell interprets the qualities of the Christian life: faith, love, peace, kindness, brotherhood, and service. $5.95

## *FINE FOR THE KIDS!!!*

**What's the Matter with Wakefield?**
A JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD SELECTION
What's the matter with Wakefield Quinn? Maybe it's the fact that he's at that "in-between" age of 10 or perhaps it's because he wants a *Geronimo 300* fly rod so badly—find out in this warm, humorous Christmas story. Ages 9-12. June Lewis Shore. Illus. David K. Stone. $4.95

**The Blue China Pitcher**
Written and illustrated by a fourteen-year-old girl, this sensitive story about a very special tea party will delight young readers between the ages of 4 and 8 years. Beautiful water color drawings reflect life in the lush Harz Mountains of Germany. Elizabeth C. Meyer. $3.75

**Bible Stories: God at Work with Man**
Moses, Amos, Dorcas, and other men and women chosen by God to be his partners in work for good are portrayed in sixteen narratives. Ages 6-9. Mary Alice Jones. Illus. Tom Armstrong. $3.95

**Armed with Love: Stories of the Disciples**
The disciples chosen by Jesus of Nazareth step from the pages of history in twelve exciting stories. Ages 12-up. Gerald N. Battle. Chapter decorations by Charles Cox. $4.95

**Young Readers Bible**
A special RSV Bible for children of all ages! Includes over 600 illustrations, charts, maps, and study suggestions. Durable binding. $8.95

**Young Readers Book of Bible Stories**
To be read and reread throughout childhood, these stories make Bible characters and their surroundings as real as today's headlines. Helen Doss. Illus. Tom Armstrong. $7.95

at your local bookstore
abingdon



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED